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MALE CALL

Raked Over the Ashes By Cigar Stud

I bought Issue #195 (Puff On A Big One) because of the hot photos of hot men smoking cigars. Boy was I disappointed to find that there were no articles or stories involving cigar-smoking men and/or cigar sex. You went overboard on cigarette smoking. Issue #195 certainly did not live up to its theme "Smoking Fetishes, Puff On A Big One."

Just in case you haven't been told this before, we cigar smokers do take a rather dim view of cigarettes. And, haven't you ever paid attention to the fact that there are four times as many cigar smoking clubs (See sidebar, pg. 27, Issue #95) as there are cigarette smoking clubs? (Actually, there are five times as many cigar smoking clubs when Cigar Studs is included — maybe more).

This gets to another of my pet peeves: You did not include Cigar Studs (POB 3052, Lakewood, CA 90711-3052) in the smoking clubs sidebar. (I belong to both Hot Ash and Cigar Studs.)

Oh, yeah. Some of your cigar smokers' photos are dated. The light green, double Claro, or Candela wrapper cigars are not the cigar of choice among cigar smokers these days. The cigars of choice in descending order are: Oscuro (black) — if one can find them; Maduro (dark brown, almost black); Colorado (medium brown); and Claro or Natural (light brown to tan). English Market Selection (EMS) broadly covers Colorado and the darker Naturals. Also, large diameter

cigars (e.g. 3/4-inch and up) are more popular with cigar-smoking leather/levi/uniform men than the thinner cigars. In fact, when doing our thing, a number of my cigar-smoking buddies and I prefer 1-inch to 1 1/2-inch cigars which are 8 to 10 inches long (preferably with other experienced cigar-smoking men).

The next time you decide to do an article/issue featuring the cigar

Jason Gedrick could strangle me ANYTIME!

I've tried self strangulation a few times — the sensations are great and the head rush is fantastic. It's really fun to lie back and let the other guy take charge. The obvious risks, however, have given me pause. Surely there is source material on this wonderful fetish. Has Drummer ever done any studies or written any arti-



fetish consult with Hot Ash, Cigar Studs and EBS first — and do your coverage right.

Colonel Dad
Cigar Master
San Jose, CA

Ed. Okay. No problem.

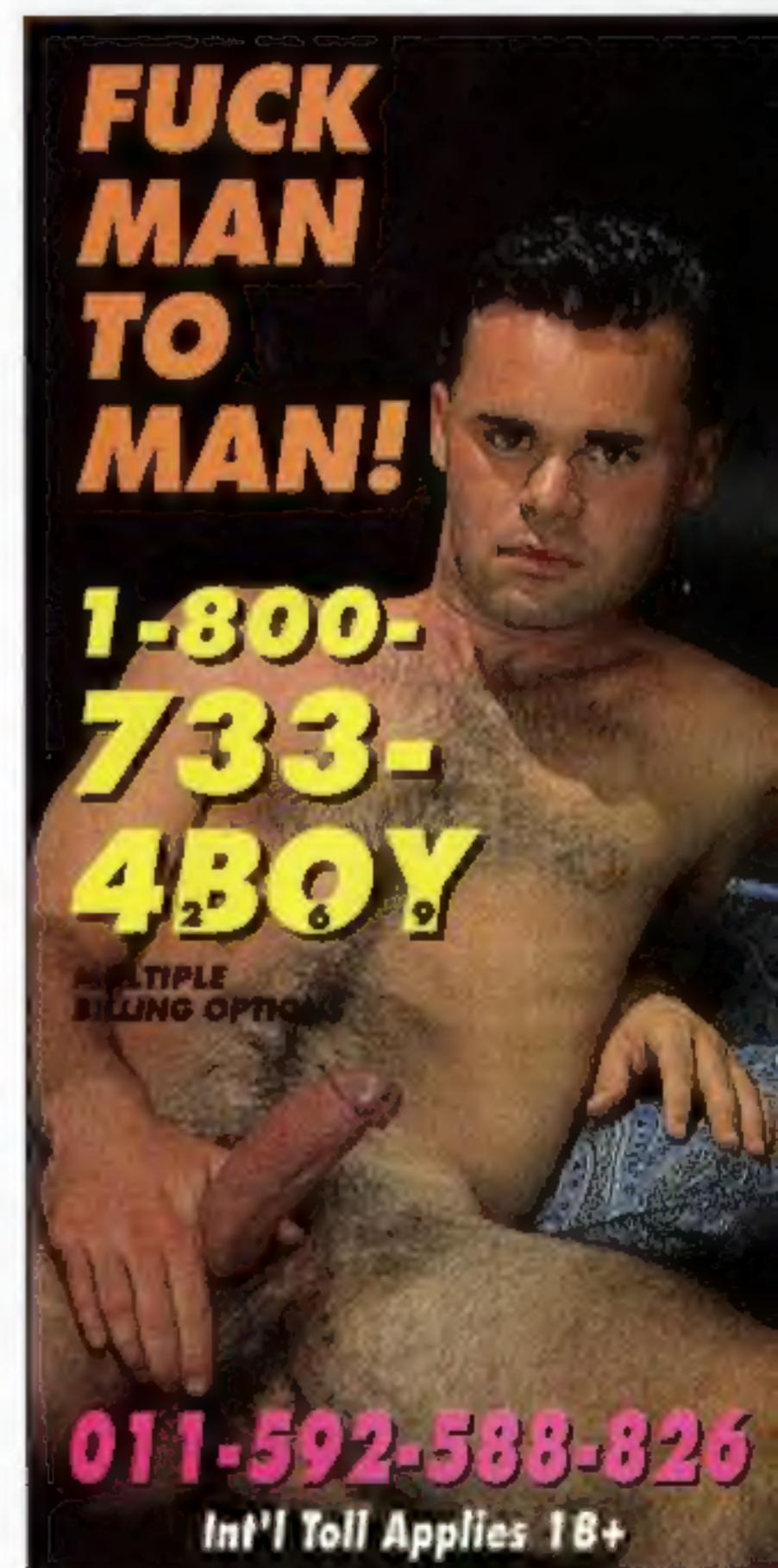
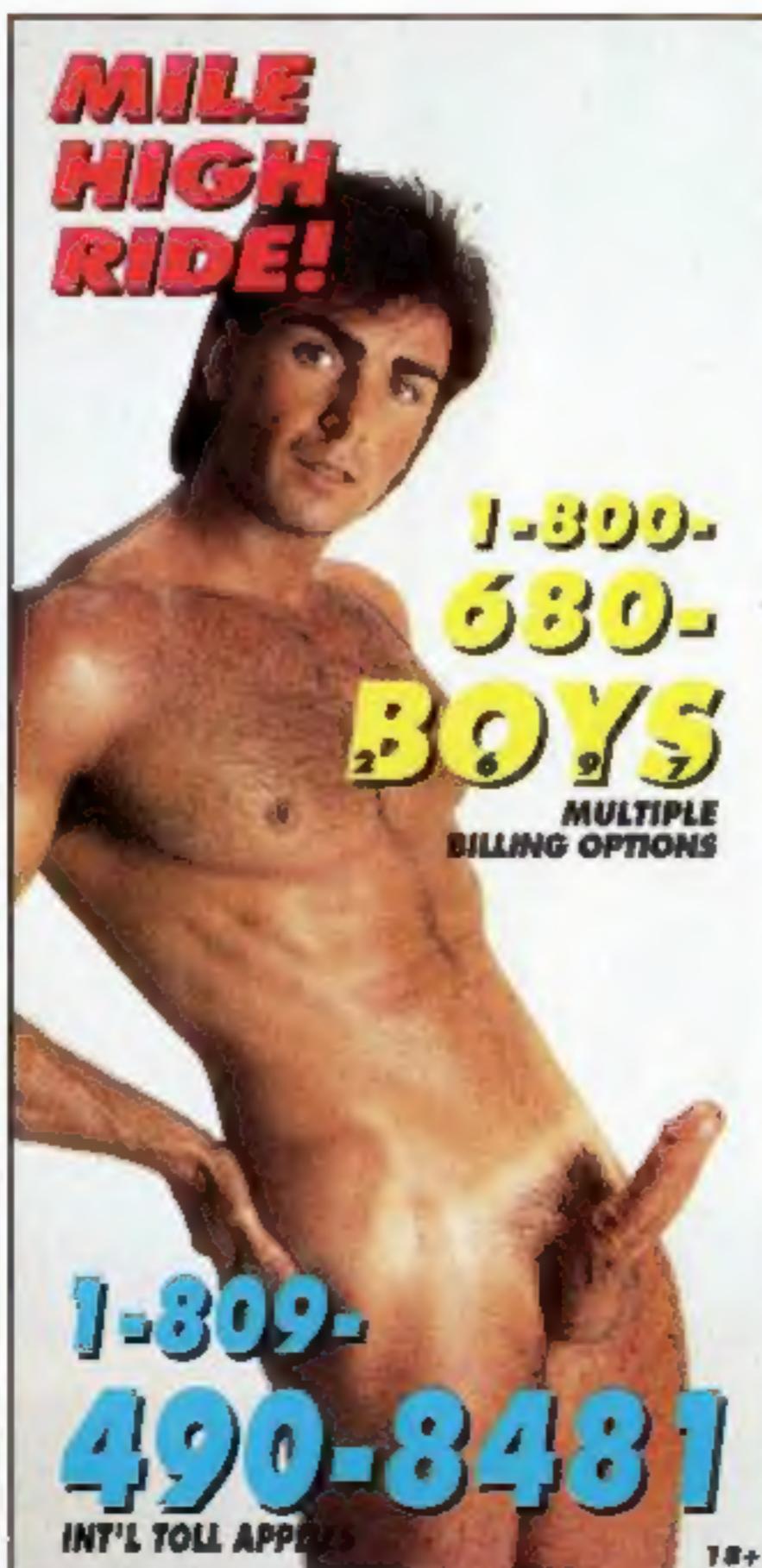
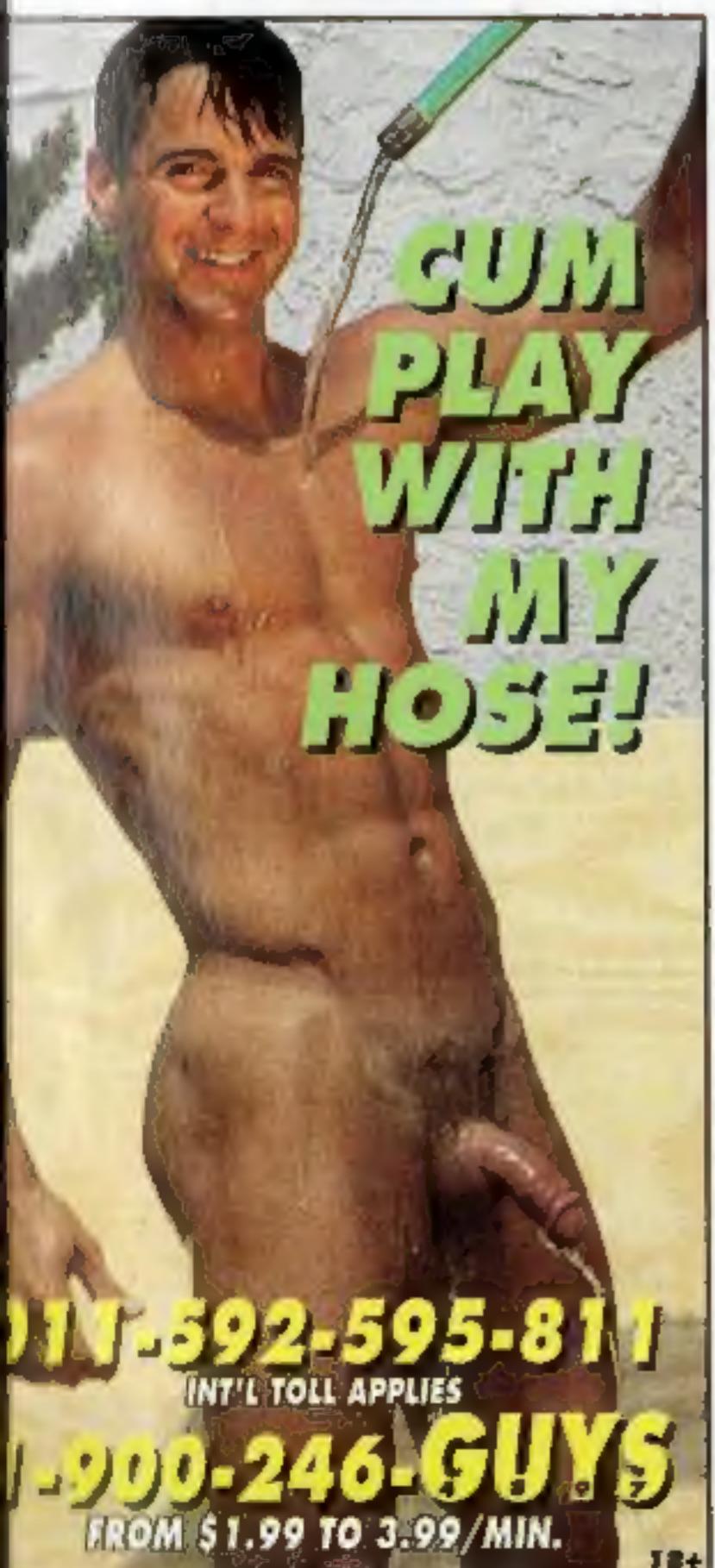
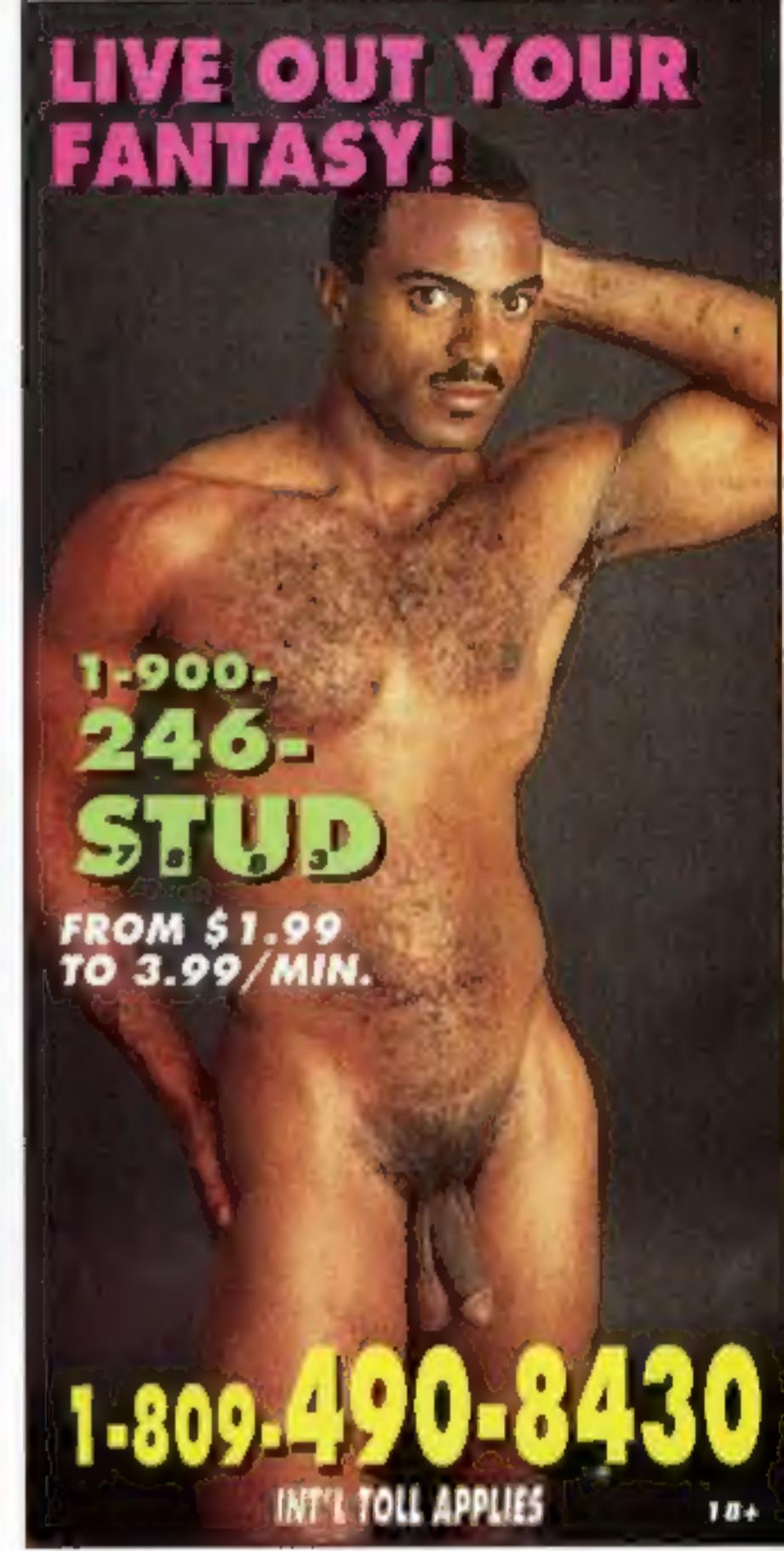
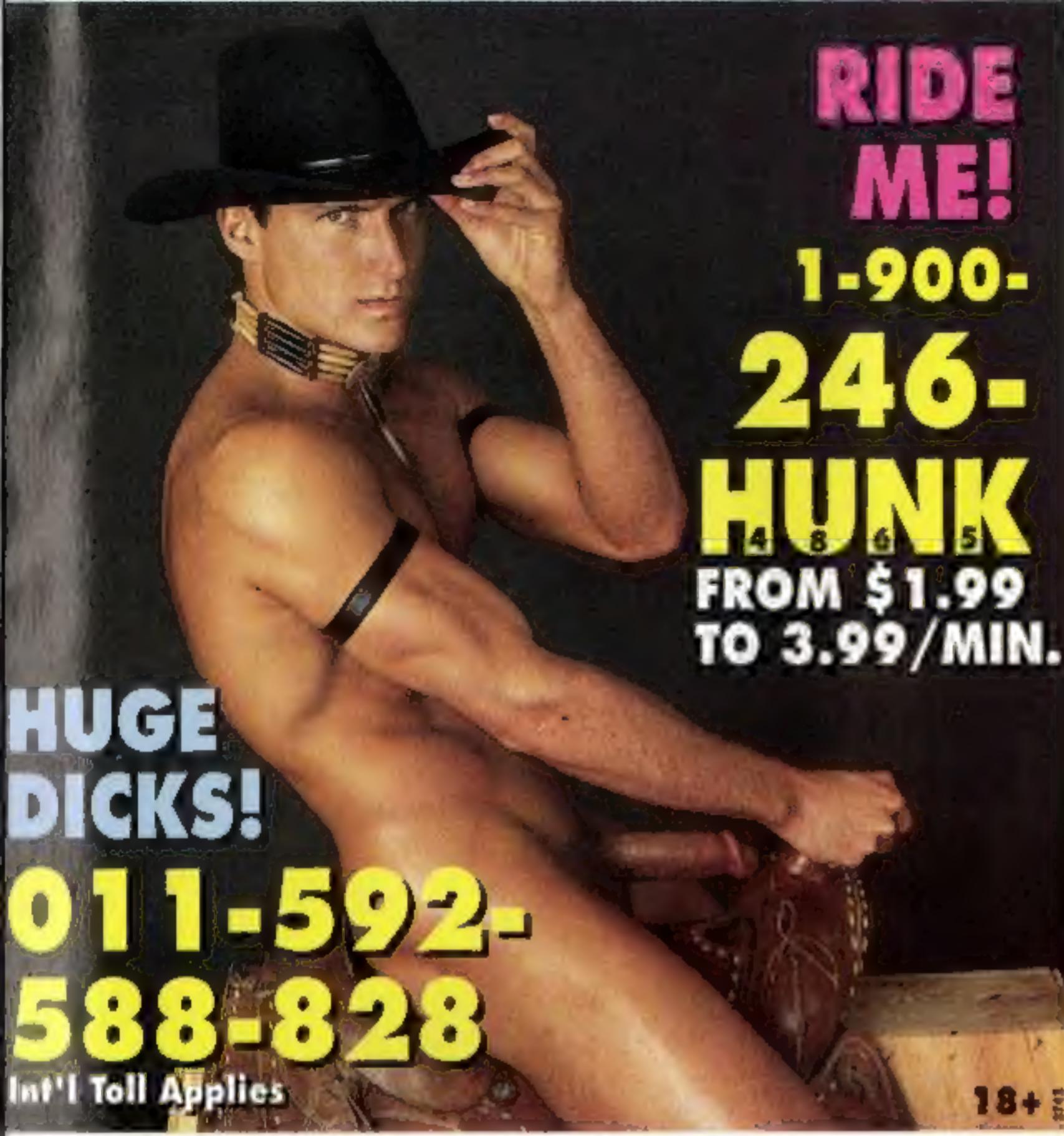
All Choked Up

The cover of Issue #194 (Masters and Slaves) was Hot! Hot! Imagine my disappointment when there were no further choices of pictures or articles on strangulation inside. This scene seems to be coming to the fore. It was the basis of the movie *Rising Sun*; a really hot movie starring Eric Roberts; and just this last season, the TV series *Murder 1*. God,

cles about it? Are there any guidelines or information on techniques and variations published elsewhere? I would love to get more heavily involved in this scene, but safely.

FS
Nashville, TN

Ed. In our Solo Sex issue (*International Drummer* #196), we just ran *The Ultimate Orgasm*, an article on the very subject you are interested in. I'd also suggest you contact the author, Michael Decker who has extensive information on the topic. He can be reached through the Seattle Kink Information Network: 206-368-0384. In the interim I've forwarded your letter on to him. ■



BOOTS

IN

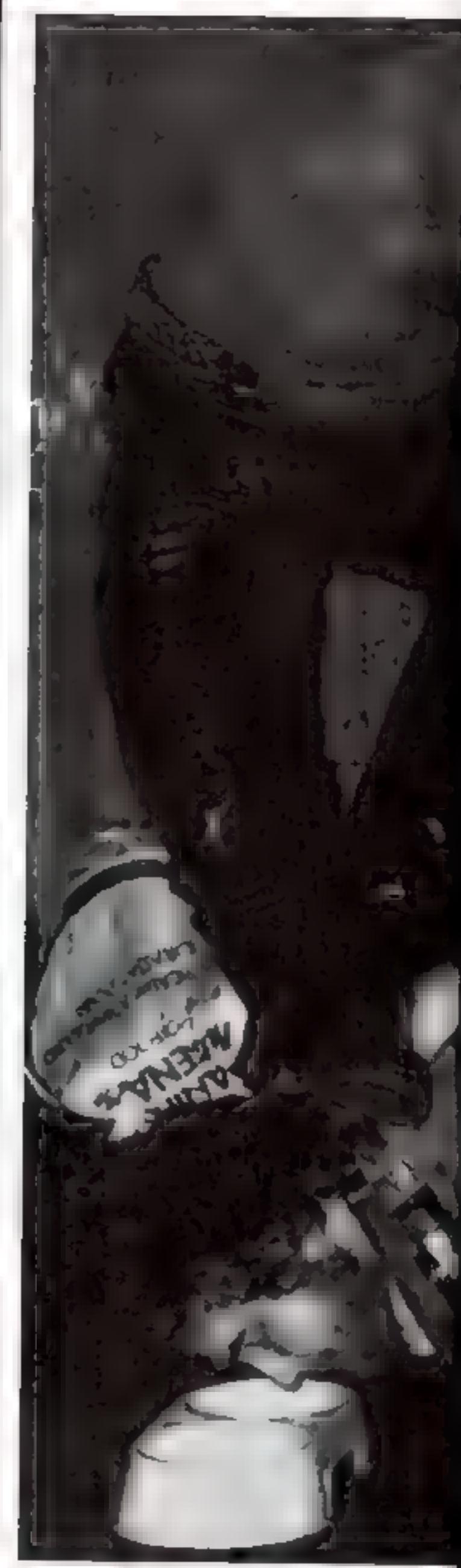
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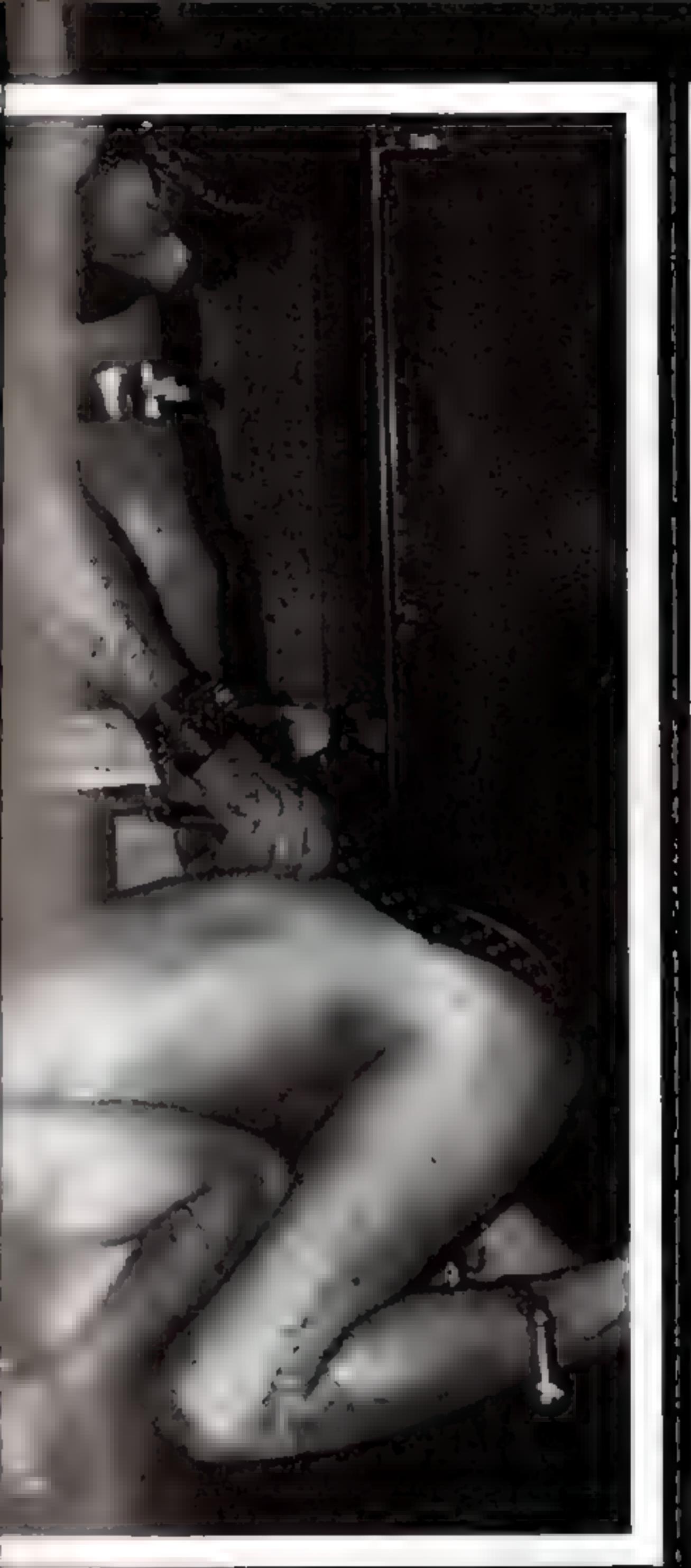
Photos from the Drummer Archives







WEN IN



BOOTS

Porn Reviews

BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN

Cell Shocked

Produced by Steve Johnson. Directed by Steve Landess. Videography by Dusty. Starring Max Grand, Brian Anger, Jeff Baron, and Steve Pierce. Running time 87 minutes. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O.

"Cell Shocked" is not purely a flesh video and contains some unelectrified sex. In fact, a fairly standard sex scene starts the action. Max Grand and Brian Anger (who are apparently slaves of some kind) are caught fucking in their cage. Their punishment is a hefty dose of zapping delivered by Jeff Baron and Steve Pierce. Baron starts by wiring up Grand's dick and sending increasingly greater (we think) charges. Grand writhes and screams, but Baron keeps up the torture. Finally, he turns off the juice and has Pierce suck Grand's dick. Once Grand has a raging hard-on, Baron starts the electrical treatment again. Grand has proven himself to be a terrific bottom in a number of recent raunchy

videos, and he is as good as ever in "Cell Shocked." It is truly a pleasure to see such a big, macho muscle boy reduced to tears. Baron's verbal abuse is a bit stilted, but he proves himself as a top with his relentless delivery of major zaps to Grand's crotch.

Anger is next to receive his punishment. He gets his zaps up the ass thanks to the use of a charged buttplug. Anger seems to enjoy the treatment much more than Grand did. This section is not so much about torture as it is about exploring a new and unusual pleasure. Indeed, Anger fantasizes about his experience for the rest of the video and comes while masturbating during a series of flashbacks to his shock treatment. Finally, Pierce wants to know how the electrical treatments feel. With Baron's guidance, he explores various configurations of electrodes. At one point, he even has a charged catheter sending shocks up his urethra. He too is more turned on than tortured by the new found toy.

The guys in "Cell Shocked" are all very handsome, and they give wonderful performances. Much of the video, however, feels more like an infomercial for the equipment than a skin flick. There's even information on how to order the various devices given after the credits. So, if you are curious about the latest sleazy technology, check this out. If you want to see good, old-fashioned torture, look elsewhere.

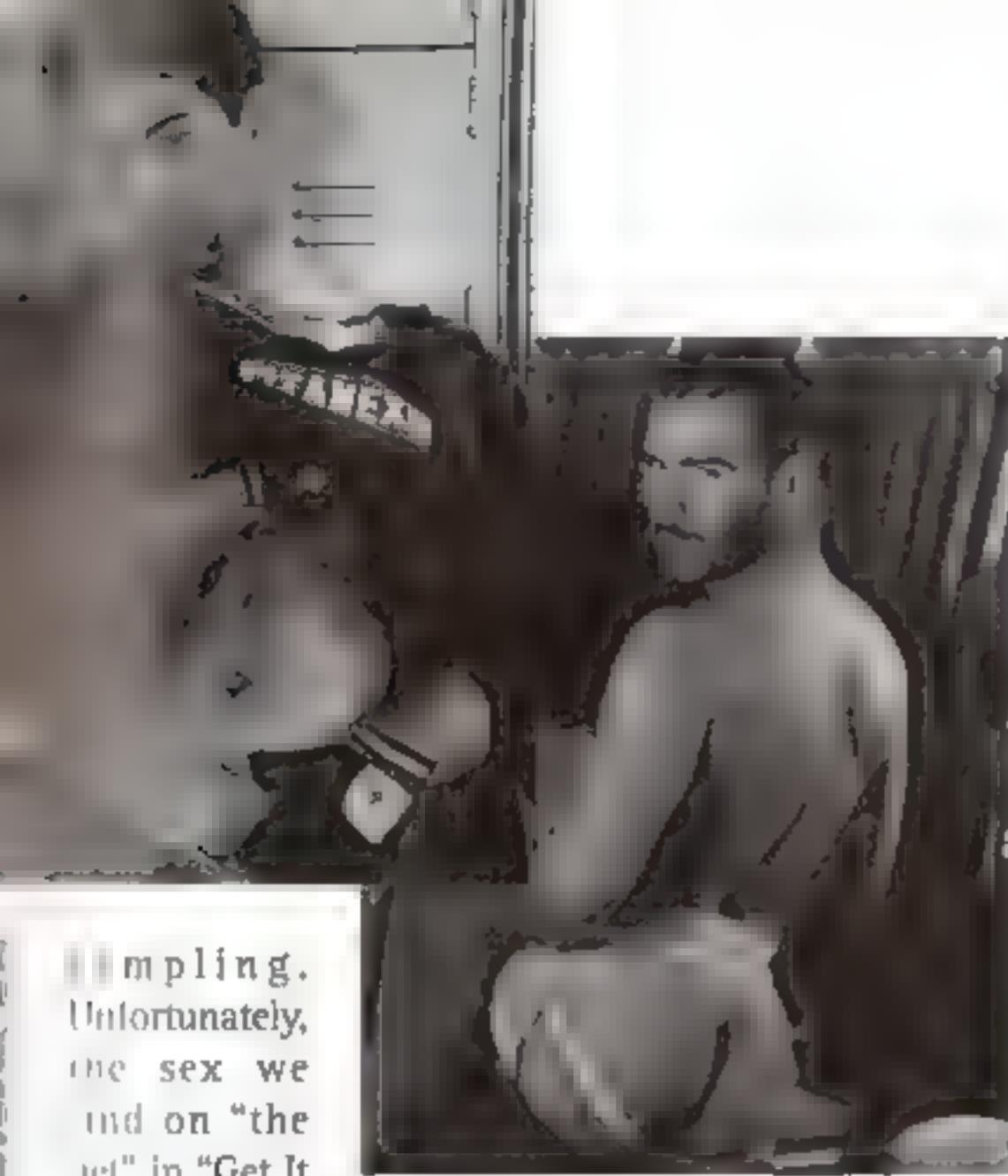
Get It On Line

Titan Media. Directed by Bruce Cam. Videography by Bruce Cam. Edited by Tab Lloyd. Starring Kirk Alan, Tony Bullit, Rick Matthews, Todd Stevens, Adam Wilde, Glen McKalaster, Mark Everett, and Cliff Parker. Running time 79 minutes. To order call 800/360-7204 or visit Titan Media's website at [HTTP://WWW.TITANMEDIA.COM](http://WWW.TITANMEDIA.COM).

Titan Media is not only emerging as a leader in video pornography, but aggressively seeking to capture the multi-media gay porn market. "Get It On Line," not surprisingly, has an Internet theme (complete with an annoying "Max Headroom" character). Titan Media also uses the video to repeatedly promote its website where we learn you can order videos and other products as well as do some

Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

"Cell Shocked" features the latest rage in sex play—using electricity to send charges through genitals and buttholes. While this video does deliver some high energy sex and sleaze, it has one major flaw. Torture and pleasure delivered via electrical stimulation are difficult to make interesting on film. Since we cannot see the current, the only evidence that it exists are the reactions of the performers. Sometimes, that's enough, but often it is not.



rimming. Unfortunately, the sex we find on "the net" in "Get It On Line" is very tame.

"Get It On Line" is a standard, vanilla porn format. There are four scenes each featuring a couple with one jack-off segment tossed in. All of the sex is very simple (sucking, rimming, fingering, and fucking). There are only two things about it that might appeal to Drummer readers. First, the guys are not all hopped-up gym fags we usually see in this kind of video. Many of them have nice body hair. They all have good bodies, but they have a more natural look than most porn stars. In short, these are real guys—Rick Matthews and Mark Everett stand out in this great cast as people to look for in future videos. Next, many of the performers are versatile. It's always good to see two hot guys taking turns fucking each other.

While it's nice to have multiple access points to pornography, and "Get It On Line" is perfectly good vanilla porn, one hopes that there's more to see online than we do here. Unfortunately, computers seem to be following the same trend as other media. Truly raunchy stuff is rare and harder to find than the more pedestrian porn.

Spare the Rod 3: You Can't Make Me Cry

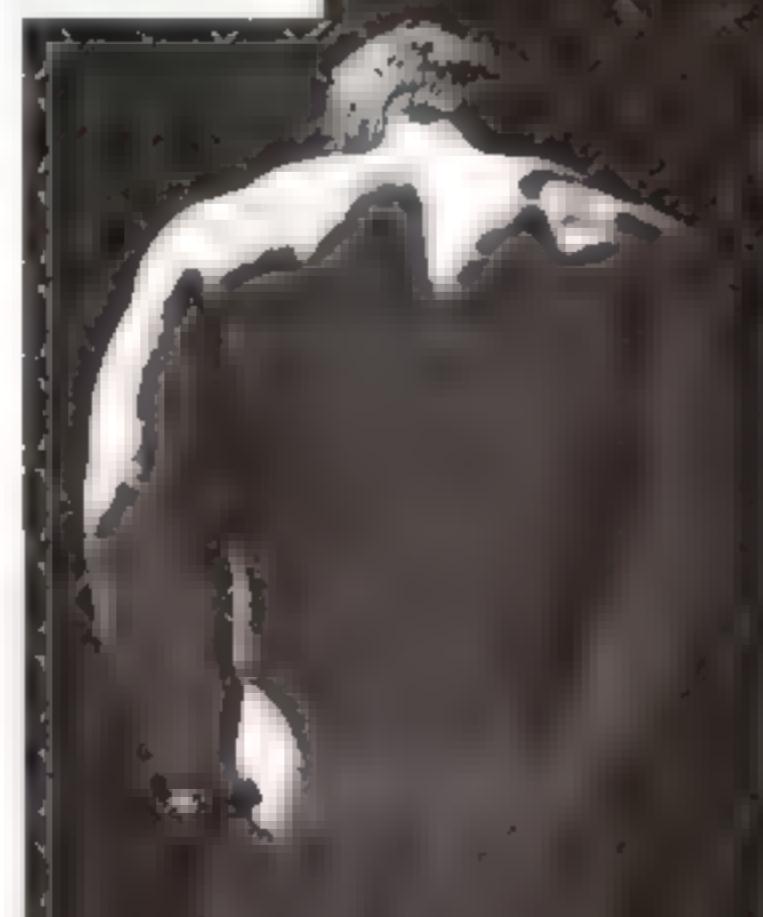
Jet Set Productions. Produced and directed by Edward James. Edited by Trues Productions. Starring Hans Grueter, Brandon Taylor, Chase Henson, Troy Steele, Randy Bo-

Austin, Joey Carr, and Alex Cummins. Running time 72 minutes. To order write Paradox Pictures, 11684 Ventura Blvd., Suite 622, Studio City, CA 91602.

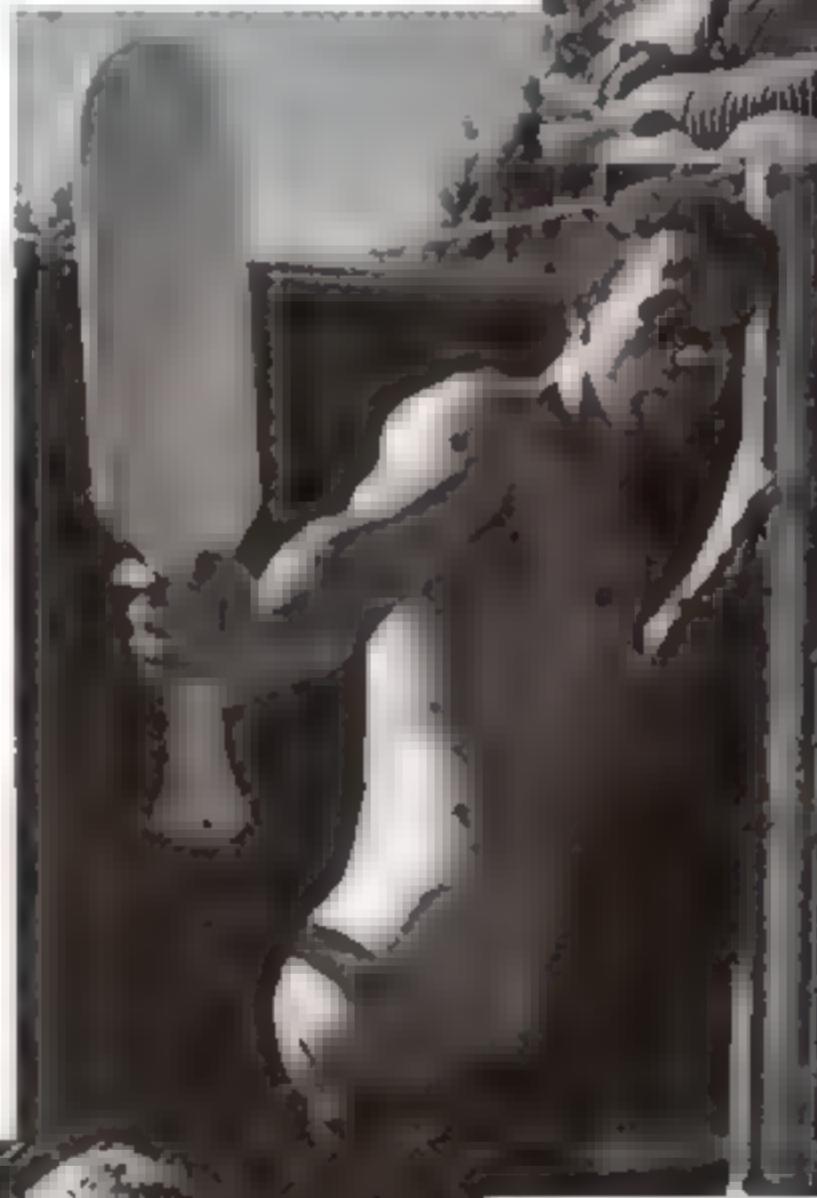
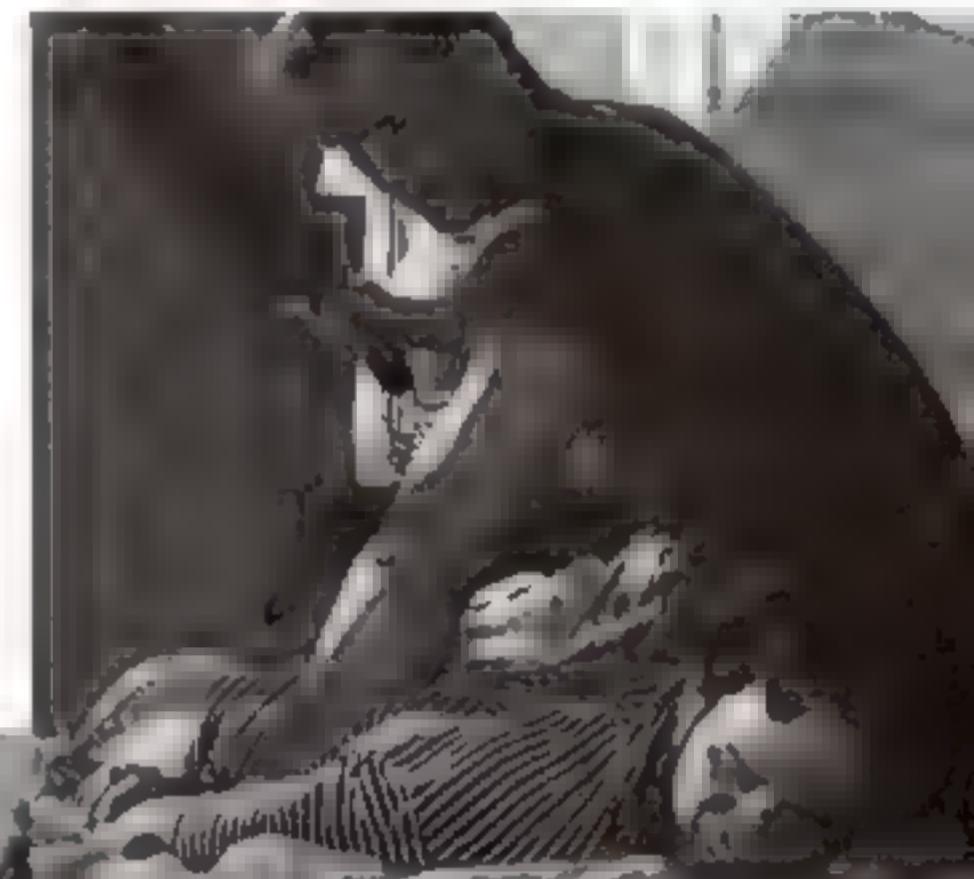
This video is the latest in the "Spare the Rod" series from Jet Set Productions. Like its predecessors, it is a pure spanking fetish video. There is no penetration at all, and we

have only one brief look at a hard on. As is often the case with a series, the first remains the best. "Spare the Rod 3" is not nearly as good as the original "Spare the Rod" or even the inferior "Spare the Rod 2." The formula has become completely predictable. As soon as we see the people in the scene, we know who will be top and who will be bottom.

The real problem with "Spare the Rod 3"



is summed up in its subtitle "You Can't Make Me Cry." None of the beating here seems painful at all. The bottoms' reactions run from indifferent to amused which is not the range of emotions that should be portrayed in a discipline video. The last scene (featuring a priest and three delinquent students) is ridiculous. The "top" can't keep the bottoms from giggling. The sterner his



words get, the more they laugh. One of the bottoms easily wriggles out of being truly paddled. It's just an all-around bad scene.

Finally, the production values in "Spare the Rod 3" have hit a new low for Jet Set Productions. The sound is terrible—especially in the outdoor scene. We can hardly hear what is being said much less

the sounds of hands or paddles on asses. In addition, the lighting and filming are completely flat. Overall, this is just a poor effort. With so little fetish material out there, Jet Set could really do well with a series of high-quality discipline videos. Let's hope "Spare the Rod 4," which is due out soon, manages to make a step up from the studio's last venture. ■

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Healing the Sole

BY DR. NORMAN GREENSTEIN

I am a 52-year old bear top. My favorite submissive has a boot fetish and loves to lick and polish my boots for hours. This is fine with me; since I met him my boot collection looks better than ever before. My problem: I'm fine when I sit down, but standing up in any of my boots for a prolonged scene has become progressively more painful, especially in the area of my heels. I've tried creams, extra socks, and heel inserts, but nothing helps. What should I do?"

Footsore bear

The foot may be the only body part which can be the object of both worship and thoughtless abuse simultaneously. There are at least 26 moving parts in the foot, along with pulleys, hinges, lubricating structures and protective padding. An average man's foot is about 10-12" long, can support a couple hundred pounds from above, and absorbs constantly changing high impact stressors from below. The foot is frequently exposed to dangerous conditions, such as sharp objects, chemicals, hot or cold surfaces, or infectious agents, so protective gear is necessary. Fashion, fetish, and economics frequently conspire to make the protective gear into another hazard our feet must endure.

Feet are the lowest part of the body and are the part we use to traverse nasty, embarrassing things. So bottoms feel especially subservient when they are caring for a top's feet or boots. Placing a booted foot on the neck or body of a bottom can be especially powerful and/or humiliating. A kick with a bare or booted foot can carry more



Foot worship is an area of kink in which the top is much more exposed and vulnerable than in boot worship.

emotional impact than an equivalent blow with a fist or an implement. Conversely, the same "lowliness" which gives the foot its emotional cachet in a scene can lead to

neglect of the health of one's own feet, or the failure to take foot problems seriously until they become severe enough to interfere with one's lifestyle.

Foot worship is an area of kink in which the top is much more exposed and vulnerable than in boot worship. Unlike a bootboy, a submissive who worships feet has access to his top's naked feet. Many of us have internalized the concept of physical perfection as part of the top role. For a top with foot problems, extra confidence in himself and trust in his bottom are required for him to expose himself in this way. A bottom who receives this trust from a master with ailing feet may feel, however, he has received a special privilege. It's all in the attitude.

lems can be caused by arch supports being too high or not high enough, or by hard leather soles which do not cushion impact.

There are a number of common skin problems which may afflict the feet. Athlete's foot is caused by members of a group of fungi referred to as dermatophytes. Symptoms include itching, a wet white rash between the fourth and fifth toes, scaling and/or little bumps on the soles and heels, stinky feet, and sometimes thickening of the toenails. Fungi like to grow in warm, moist places, such as inside shoes and socks; they grow espe-

bottom of the foot drives them into the tissue, where they can grow and expand. Regular warts can grow anywhere else on the foot, and are different from corns in that they have little black roots which are visible with a magnifying glass. A corn is a type of callus which may indicate irritation from shoes or a gait problem. Over-the-counter medications such as Duofilm (R) are helpful for getting rid of all these problems, but usually must be used daily for several weeks.

Allergic rashes, eczema and psoriasis can show up on the feet, usually on the top or the sole, and cause itching, scaling, and redness. Hydrocortisone cream is frequently helpful, but it's a good idea to get checked out by a doctor.

Many foot problems are caused by a combination of an unusual feature of one's foot and cheap or poorly-fitting shoes. Ingrown toenails can start when the big toenail is cut too short and then shoes with pointed or narrow toes are worn. These can get infected and be amazingly painful. It's

A top with decreased foot sensation will benefit greatly from close and frequent foot inspection by a devoted footslave.

It's hard to find decent footwear that fits well. Most shoes, and to a lesser extent boots, are designed with appearance as a higher priority than comfort. Cheaper shoes tend to be made of plastic derivatives which help promote skin problems. Poorly made soles can wear out quickly and affect the impact pattern on the bottom of the foot, causing pain. During years when narrow or pointed toes are in fashion, everybody ends up out of fashion or out of luck. Boots with higher heels can disrupt the natural gait and cause not only foot pain, but pain in the knees, hips and back. Other prob-

ably quickly on feet inside of man-made material shoes and polyester socks. Exposing the feet to air as much as possible is helpful as is wearing leather shoes with cotton socks. There are a number of athlete's foot remedies to be found in the foot care section of any drugstore. Their chemical names all end in "ole" such as clotrimazole and miconazole; they all work pretty well, but can require several weeks to get rid of the fungus completely.

Plantar warts are caused by the same virus which causes common warts everywhere else on the body. They hurt because pressure on the

important to cut toenails straight across, with the corners not digging into the flesh, and to wear shoes with wide-enough toe boxes. If an ingrown toenail gets started, sometimes warm soaks three or four times a day for several days will give the nail a chance to grow out far enough to avert real problems. If this doesn't work, medical care is necessary.

Chronically wearing too-narrow shoes, especially with certain gait abnormalities, can cause bunions. This starts as bursitis at the base of the big toe but can go on to cause the joint to bulge permanently,

causing chronic foot pain and making it hard to find shoes to fit. Sometimes the pain can be controlled with special shoes, or sometimes with getting cortisone injected into the painful bursa. If not, sometimes surgery is necessary.

Certain problems afflict runners and bigger guys. Plantar fasciitis and painful heel spurs are caused by too much pressure on the plantar fascia, the part of the foot forming the arch. In runners it is usually due to tight calf muscles or a tight Achilles tendon preventing the ankle from bending high enough upwards during the step. In large men it is a mechanical problem caused by excess pressure on the arch of the foot from the body's weight. Pain is usually felt in the bottom of the foot just in front of the heel. It can be especially bothersome both upon arising in the morning, and when standing or walking for prolonged periods. Sometimes plantar fasciitis can lead

to heel spurs; chronic excess pulling of the plantar fascia on the front of the talus, or heel bone, can cause "points" to grow on the bone, possibly causing additional pain.

Footwear is extremely important in relieving plantar fasciitis. Raising the heel about $1/4$ " can help relieve tension on the arch of the foot. Heel spurs can be protected by putting a doughnut-shaped pad under the heel; if this doesn't work a Tuli cup, a rubber cup placed inside the heel of the shoe or boot, may help. If one's job requires prolonged standing on very hard surfaces, soft-soled shoes or a pad to stand on may be helpful. Men who have pain upon awakening may find relief from an ankle brace which keeps the ankle bent at 90 degrees; this prevents the calf muscles from pulling on the arch of the foot during sleep. If none of these methods work, cortisone injection into the most painful point can be very helpful, but is not a cure. Stretching the calf muscles

before running or prolonged walking is important. If the pain began after weight gain, weight loss may be very helpful. You don't say where in your feet your pain is, Footsore Bear, but if it is in the arch or heel, plantar fasciitis may be your problem.

Certain illness may affect the feet and require special care. Smoking, high blood pressure and diabetes can damage small arteries to the feet, causing pain in the feet and legs which starts with exertion and is relieved by rest. Diabetics and people with AIDS have trouble fighting off infection; a man with severe or recurrent athlete's foot, skin rashes or warts should be screened for these illnesses. Both diabetes and AIDS can also cause peripheral neuropathy of the feet, with ensuing pain and/or numbness. A top with decreased foot sensation will benefit greatly from close and frequent foot inspection by a devoted footslave. ■



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FOOT SUCKIN' FOOL

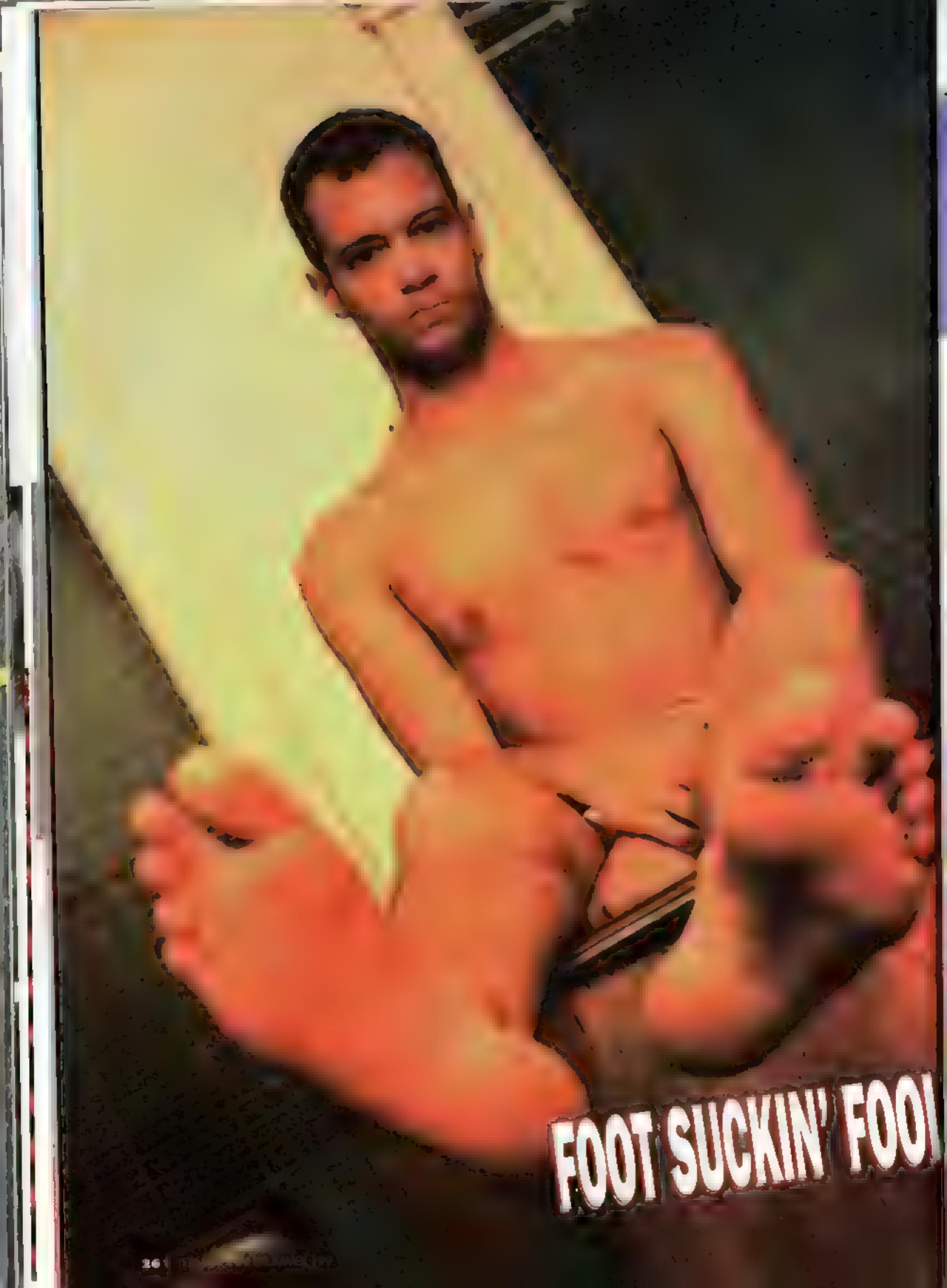


Photos from
Video



FOOT SUCKIN' FOOL



A black and white photograph of a man from the waist up. He is wearing a dark tuxedo jacket over a white shirt and a dark tie. He is holding a martini glass in his right hand, which has a ring on the ring finger. He is looking slightly to his left with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

FOOT SUCKIN' FOOL

LICK MY BOOTS SUCK MY TOES

Boot Top

By Tony T.

I'm into boots. Always have been, always will be. All kinds of boots turn me on, especially if they are heavy, tough and well-worn. I don't go for the shiny-new, stiff weekend leather clone style. I like them to last, manual-labor shit kickers; the kind that real men work, live and sweat in. Invariably masculine, unpretentious, filthy and beat from a hard day on the job, a man's bootify his strength, his foundation. He's like the tough, leather pedestal on which he stands. Bearing the main burden of a man's weight and power,

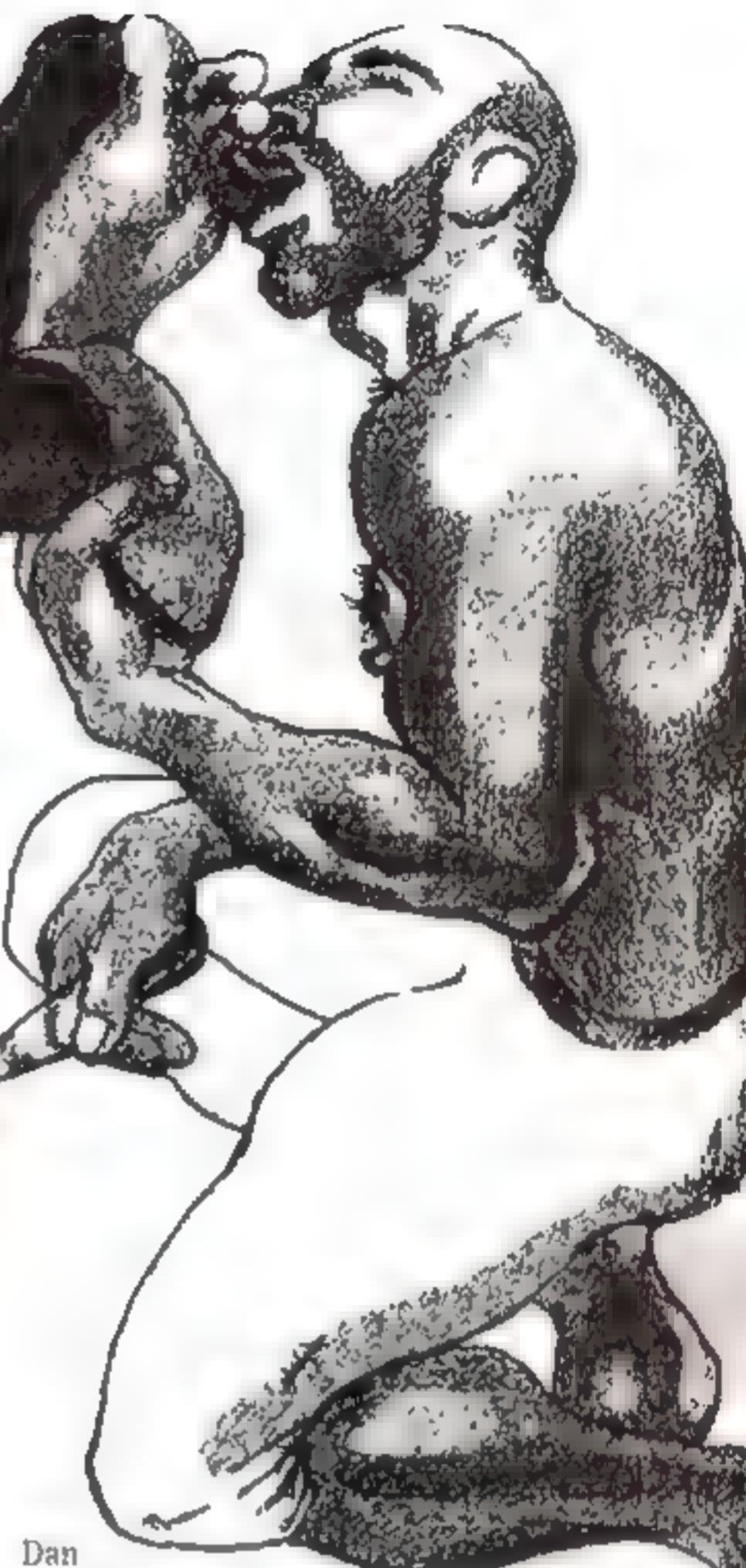
I started noticing men's boots when I was about twelve, around the same time I started my dick, junior high school. I had and really looked up to some of the tough boys in high school. I was drawn to punks and skin heads who wore okang, beat-up boots; combat, engineer, biker even work boots could respect. The battle scarred leather, oiled and hot, delinquent attitudes ruled. They wore their boots into the ground and carelessly stepped on, or simply propped them up on what they wanted to. Their boots served as instruments of destruction and were part of an armor meant to intimidate. Their power totally turned me on.

There was one dude that I was especially bent over named Dan. He was lean, over six feet tall, bald head and wore the biggest, most worn out pair of biker boots I'd ever seen. Even if fancy or expensive, in fact probably handed down to him

from his father or one of his big brothers. Mid-calf, black leather, steel-toed engineer boots, they had thick lug soles, were beat to hell and reeked of masculinity. Dan lived in those boots. He worked in his father's auto shop and, on the days he felt like coming in, rode his '79 Suzuki to school. His feet looked huge in those dirty, black leather boots, and his hands and finger nails were always black from grease. Dan was the ring leader of the tough kids, and he knew that he and his bad-assed boots ruled the school.

Everybody knew that Dan was the boss, and that what he wanted he got at the snap of his fingers. Otherwise an unlucky student might find himself subjected to some roughing up at the mercy of Dan's size thirteen boot treads. One kid in particular got terrorized because he refused to hand over some cash. I remember at the time thinking he was crazy because he was half Dan's size. Pushing the kid to the ground, Dan made overpowering him look effortless. Planting a boot on his throat and leaning some weight into it, Dan restrained the nerd while three of his buddies rifled through his pockets, taking what they wanted.

The other kids that had circled to check out the scene were watching the shake down, but I couldn't take my eyes off of



Dan or his massive boot pressing into that vulnerable throat. He stood above that frail, scared kid getting off on his own power. I could see in his eyes that he was turned on by the control he had over his freshly pinned subordinate, as he leaned back and forth slightly shifting his weight from heel to toe. Dan never released his stare, probing the kid's eyes which were bugging out of their sockets. It was clear to me then that that I wanted to be just like Dan.

The kid was blue and choking by the time Dan finally released his step, but before he was allowed to get up he had to kiss the filthy toe and apologize to Dan and his friends for being a low life. Dan's friends acted like this was the funniest thing they'd ever seen, but Dan wasn't laughing. He stood seriously watching while the kid reluctantly brought his lips to the boot

leather and lightly kissed it. Then he commanded the kid to kiss his friends' boots. They crowded around and eagerly thrust their feet into his face, competing to get the longest, wettest kiss they could. "How about some tongue, faggot" one of them barked while smearing his boot across the tender, young face. The other boys cracked up, but Dan continued to scrutinize the scene intently.

The boy was clearly repulsed, which seemed to turn Dan on more. After the others had gotten their boots kissed Dan pushed them away and planted his tread square down on the kid's cringing face. "Lick my boot tread and I'll let you go" he commanded, leaning into it and giving the kid's face a slight grind. At this point the boy reluctantly stuck out his tongue and quickly touched it to Dan's sole. Dan scoffed and pressed down harder making the boy wince and cry out in pain. "I meant really lick it you stupid fag!" he ordered. The boy stuck his tongue out fully and dragged it across the length of the boot sole from heel to toe. At this Dan took a deep breath and smiled. "Come on, lets go" he said, giving the kid's face one last push-off, he and his friends stepped over their humiliated victim and moved on, leaving him

there to wallow in shame.

After that I couldn't get Dan or his big bad boots out of my mind. That episode was to fuel my adolescent wet dreams for years to come; Dan was a true sadist and I idolized him.

I don't know whatever became of Dan, but I do have him to thank for awakening the sadistic boot top in me. For the rest of my school days I dreamed about wearing big boots and getting them worshipped by boot slaves. By the time I was in high school I had bought my first pair of Wescos (16 inch, lug-soled engineer boots, size 12EEE). I totally got off on how big they made me feel, in them I stood 6'2", and the steel toe and thick treads made me feel invincible. I lived in those boots, only taking them off to shower. I even slept in them. Jerking off and fantasizing about having my own personal bootlicker laying at the foot of my bed. I yearned for someone who I could use and abuse, someone to appreciate how beat up and funky my big bad boots were. It wasn't until after high school that my fantasies came true.

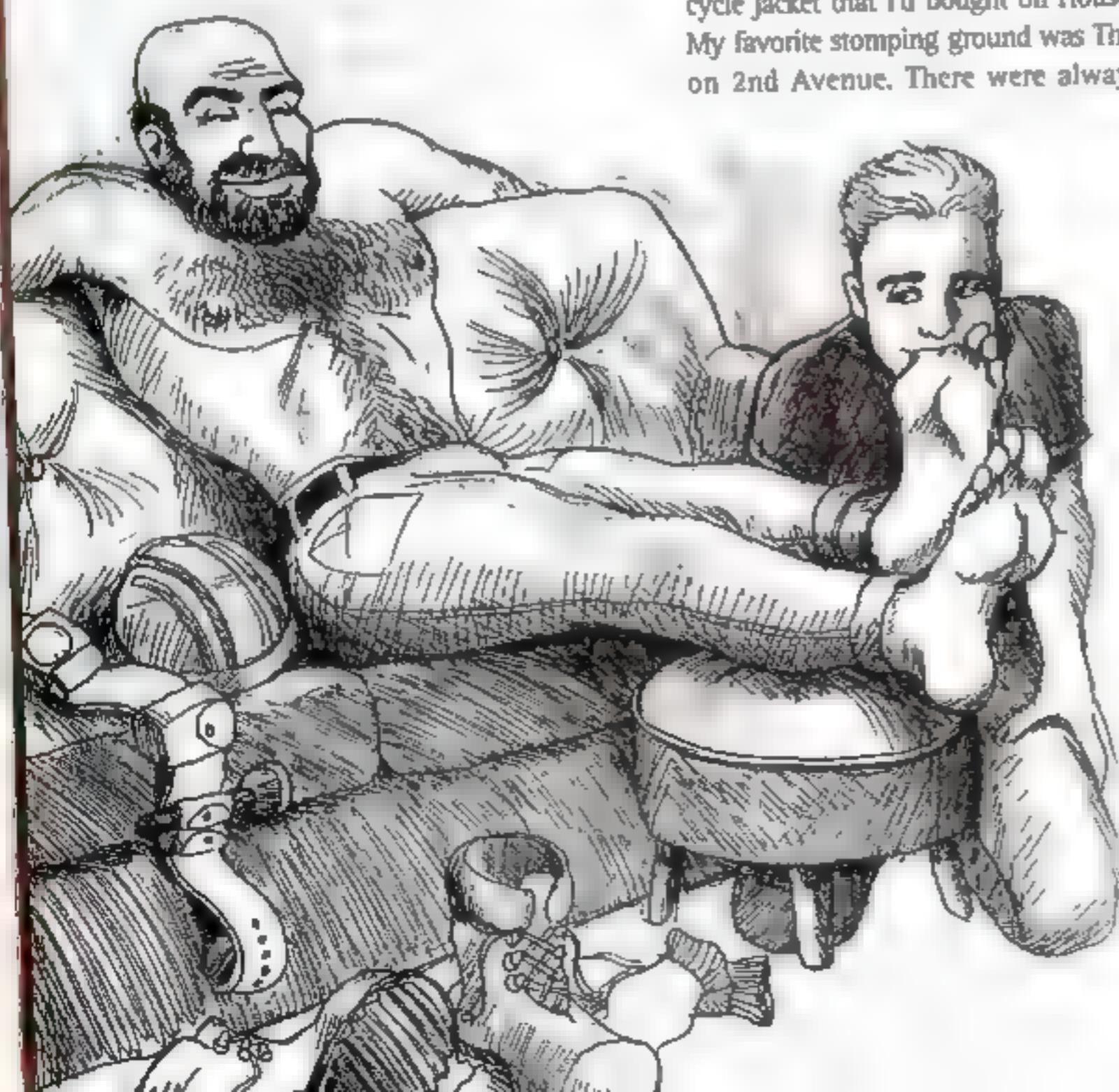
I was going to college in NYC and liked to hang out in the East Village. I was about twenty at the time, had buzzed my head and wore this beat up, black leather motorcycle jacket that I'd bought on Houston St. My favorite stomping ground was The BAR on 2nd Avenue. There were always hot

guys there wearing tough looking boots, and mine were no exception. I still wore those Wescos, only now they were broken in perfectly and looked hotter than ever.

I liked to hang by the pool table because I could kick back and put my feet up on the bench, displaying my big boots as prominently as possible and taking notice of the guys who checked them out. Most guys would start at my feet and then work their way up to my crotch; I'm pretty well endowed so they'd rarely get past there. Sometimes their eyes would glance back down to my boots though, and then I'd try to determine just how into them they were. I'd stare them in the eye and start shuffling my feet around slightly, resting one boot on the other, or stretching out my legs and propping them up heel to toe. I also liked to sit upright and let them dangle, swinging them slightly so my thick heels would tap the boxes of empty beer bottles beneath the bench.

On one such occasion my boots hypnotized this dude sitting at the bar across the room. He looked older than me, twenty something, and was smaller. He was preoccupied with my boots. I had them crossed at the ankles in front of me and was half watching a pool game and half checking him out. Eventually he got up and started to slowly walk around, moving through the bar, never taking his eyes off of my feet. He hung out by the jukebox for a while and tried to build up the nerve to get closer. It really turned me on to have captured his attention, and I could feel my dick starting to rise. He was obviously both turned on and intimidated by my boots and this drove me wild. Finally, pretending to be interested in the game, he strode over to the bench and sat down a few inches away from my feet.

He was obviously struggling to contain himself, but he couldn't restrain his eyes. Holding his head down he tried to get as good a look at the soles of my boots as he could. They looked huge, and holding him transfixed there completely turned me on. I wanted to tease him as intensely as I could, so I let them rock slightly back and forth, teetering on the heel. I could see his breathing quicken and his dick start to get harder through his jeans. The movement of my boots was driving him crazy and I could tell



He wanted to lunge down onto them. He rested his hand on the bench barely close enough to touch them. I shifted positions, stretching my legs just enough to graze his thigh, I let my boot relax into his leg, resting my heel on his hand. At this point his dick started bucking against his jeans and I knew I'd found my first boot slave. He took me back to his apartment and serviced my boots, dick, crotch and ass for days.

He was super hot and just what I was really for. As it turned out he was a total boot pig who needed to be treated like shit. I couldn't get my boots dirty enough for him, and regardless of what was lodged between my treads, he'd eagerly chew it out. All I'd have to do is snap my fingers and point at my feet and he'd dive down on them and take whatever sort of boot abuse I wanted to deliver. He liked me to step on his face and throat and make him beg not to crush him. This could make me cum! He also liked for me to kick back with my boots up on the kitchen table while he cleaned every centimeter with his tongue, sucking each individual lug in my soles. It didn't matter where we were or what was going on, I totally controlled him with my boots. The more abusive and mean I got the harder we both got turned on.

We started hanging out together on a semi-regular basis; I was finishing up school and he worked in the city. It was great to go over to his place because it was all mine and I had full reign. All he wanted

I was crawl on the floor behind me while I walked around intentionally scuffing up whatever surfaces I could. The polished wooden floors and tiles in the kitchen would be trashed by the time I'd leave. I also liked to jump up on his furniture and try to leave my mark, and always ended up on the kitchen table and counters.

If anything was left on these surfaces (ash, food, flowers, whatever) I'd either kick it onto the floor and watch it smash, or I'd step on it and crush it. If it didn't break when it hit the floor then I'd jump down on it from the counter, bringing both massive boots down with such force that whatever it was would smash into bits. If it were edible I'd then step down on his face and make him suck it out of my treads. Usually at this point I'd be so turned on I'd grab his head and fuck his mouth; he had a real deep

throat and could just about swallow my whole dick. I'd usually end up shooting my load with his face buried in my ass. I'd try to shoot onto the tops of my boots so I could smear it in his face while he got off.

He also liked to bring my delicate gifts that he'd want me to step on and crush. This was fine by me because

I got off on feeling them break beneath my treads. Once it was a small porcelain figure that he said he'd had since he was a child. He carefully set it on the floor by my big boots and then he lay there at my feet. I slowly lifted my heavy boot and rested it on the head of the figure. "Please don't break it sir" he begged, "It's an irreplaceable family heirloom." At this I leaned forward and crushed it, grinding and pulverizing the fragments, etching deep grooves into his floor. It also became a regular practice when we were eating together for me to climb up onto the table and step in his dinner. He'd try to lick around my boot while I smeared it in his food, then I'd hold it above his face and command him to suck the rest of his meal out of my treads. I liked to smear my filthy boots all over his face and body so that by the end he'd be covered with huge, food stained boot prints.

Ultimately those Wescos wore out and I was faced with replacing them. They had served me well, but it was time to graduate to a new pair of boots. I had my eyes set on some beautiful ox-blood, steel-toed, lugged-soled Chippewas. I told my boot slave that I wanted them and that he was to buy them for me a.s.a.p. I also informed him that if he wanted my Wescos they'd cost him a thousand bucks.

That night when I went to his place they were waiting for me. I threw myself onto his couch, bringing my feet down heavily on his coffee table, and told him to remove my Wescos. He slowly loosened the buckles and then pulled them off of my feet. Burying his face in each one he sucked up that leather/sweat aroma as it were his only source of oxygen; those babies smelled real good after the years of abuse I had put them through.

After he was good and intoxicated I



commanded him to put my new Chippewas on my feet. Once they were on and securely laced I stood up on the coffee table so I could check out my reflection in a mirror on his wall. They looked so fucking hot that he fell to his knees and immediately started kissing them. I was so turned on I had to release my rock hard dick from my pants. I stood there with my big, heavy new boot resting on my slave's head and watched myself jerk off in the mirror. With his face pinned to the table he struggled to lick upwards, trying to touch my treads with his tongue. I watched him squirming down there as I leaned more and more weight onto his head, until I felt myself starting to get close. I lifted my boot just enough to squirt him square in the face with what felt like endless streams of cum. My knees almost gave out as I shot a huge, milky load all over his face. Then I brought my boot back down and smeared my jizz into his cheeks and lips while he groveled beneath it and jerked himself off.

As I was getting ready to leave he handed me an envelope; it was full of cash. He gave me a thousand dollars for my Wescos, which today rest on a shrine he erected in his apartment, the top of which is strewn with fragments of that porcelain figure.

A few years passed, my Chippewas broke in beautifully and my skills at boot domination were honed to perfection. I graduated from college and continued to live in NYC for a few years. I still played with my first slave, who turned out to be my all time best boot boy, while acquiring a few others. I learned that there were a lot more guys out there who wanted to eat my boots than I had ever realized. I started hanging out at The Lure where I met all sorts of boot men, especially at their last Monday of the month Foot Friends parties. I even ended up

at a boot worship party in Brooklyn where I had about a dozen guys slobbering all over my boots and crotch all night!

It seems like forever ago that I was a kid longing to get my boots worshipped; I would have never imagined then that ultimately I'd end up plugging into an entire boot community. I have boot slaves around the world who treat me like a god and like to give me different pairs of boots, sometimes new, sometimes used and funky. I often return to NYC where my boots are assured a hot reception, and me and my boots have open invitations to visit cities across the planet. I'm 100% into boots and boot sex and will always be on the look out for hot guys who can appreciate my big, bad, booted feet. In fact if you're into sucking boots and you're ever in SF or NYC get in touch with me, maybe if you're worthy you'll get a taste.

You can write Tony T. at: PO Box 420570, SF, CA 94142-0570

Sheer Madness

by Guy Kettleback

Angelo, 26, a self-proclaimed "proud Italian-American," has, from his earliest memories, always been riveted by men's sheer socks. "I mean the see-through nylon kind—my favorite are 'thick-and-thin' over-the-calf—the socks that working class immigrant types wear when they dress up." This gives a clue about the roots of Angelo's fixation: "My dad is second generation Italian, a real macho guy who first worked in construction, then ran his own hardware store. I remember—God, I must have been about four or five—he tickling my belly with his socked foot, sort of teasing me with it. The smell of shoe leather, the smell of his foot, the look and feel of that sheer material—I can't tell you what it did to me, and what the same thing does to me now. A macho guy wearing something almost feminine—a guy who curses and fights and struts around putting on this sort of pretty stuff." He sighs and shakes his head. "The combination blows me away." Angelo says that, from about twelve on when he learned to masturbate, he'd dig into his parents'

clothes hamper and find his dad's sheer socks which he then wrapped around his cock while he jerked off. "Then I'd rinse them out and dry them in my closet—sheer socks dry real quick—and put them back in the hamper. I would've died if anyone had caught me."

Angelo says that while his main fixation is on sheer socks, "I've also sort of fetishized the whole man that goes with them. You know—sharp dressers. Guys when they go out on a date who dress up like peacocks—you wanna know what I'm talking about? See 'The Pope of Greenwich Village'—Mickey Rourke makes me nuts in that one—or 'The Wanderers.' Ken Wahl may not be Italian but he sure looks like one." Angelo, who grew up in Brooklyn—"but not," he sighs wistfully, "Bay Ridge," would as a teenager take subway trips to Bay Ridge with a Polaroid camera he'd gotten for his birthday. He'd hang out in pizza shops, and pretend to take pictures of street scenes, like he was some kind of artist or sociologist or something. He'd prepared all kind of speeches about the 'surveys' he was researching in case anyone asked he was doing, but nobody did. Of course, what he really was taking pictures of were hot guys walking by, hoping to get a peek at their ankles. "Man, one time this guy stopped right in front of the pizza place, leaned against the door, and slipped off a low-slung Italian loafer—I love those, too—and slowly massaged his sheer-socked foot, like he knew I was watching him. I nearly came in my pants." Angelo would haunt "cheap, lower class" men's shops in search of "perfect pairs of thick-and-thins in every color he could find. "Just wearing them would give me a hard-on all day. I also loved going to Italian weddings—man, you had all these hot Italian macho peacocks strutting around—it was like heaven." He pauses a moment and frowns. "But it was also sort of like hell. I mean, the guys I was turned on by almost had to be straight. And there was no way I would share this with anyone. Jesus, my dad would've had me locked up."

Angelo went to college—the first of his family to do so—in considerable despair. "I knew this sock thing wasn't something I was going to grow out of. But I didn't know what to do about it. I could imagine coming out well, not to my family, at least not

yet—but I could imagine, you know, having a lover and being gay and all that. But I couldn't imagine even letting a lover know about what really turned me on. I felt so much shame about it. And then I met Danny." Danny was a junior while Angelo was still a freshman. "I saw him stride across campus and my heart stopped. He had this incredible macho confidence—he was so friggin' arrogant! Like he knew he was beautiful—like he knew he could wear clothes like a model. He had beautiful thick slicked-back black hair and blue eyes, and he moved like a dancer. I'd never seen anyone so beautiful—not even in Bay Ridge." Angelo hung out at the college's coffee-house when he saw Danny went there everyday after his last afternoon class. "One day I had the nerve to walk up to him and say 'hi.' I had some lame opening line like, 'I'm new here and you seem to really know the place, I was wondering if you could tell me how good the psychology department is.' I mean, it really was that lame. Danny just looked at me and laughed. He must have seen how lovesick I was. He told me to sit down. Then his eyes bored into me and made me weak in the knees: 'Psychology what you're really asking me about?' I literally couldn't speak. Then he asked—the nerve of the asshole! 'You gay?'"

It turned out—"incredibly," Angelo says—"given what a macho straight-looking stud he was"—that Danny was gay, which he abruptly told Angelo. "That was Danny, all over-blunt as hell. Totally comfortable with being gay—it was a fact like his eye color." Angelo found himself saying that, yes, he thought he might be gay. Danny and he then found themselves, not a half hour later, in Danny's bed. "I have never fallen so completely and totally in love with anyone in my life," Angelo said. "Danny just overwhelmed me. He was like a dream come true—a gay man who excited me as much as—no, even more than—the hottest Bay Ridge stud I'd ever seen. He was Puerto Rican, not Italian, but that was just fine with me. And God, the way he dressed!"

Danny was meticulous about his clothes. Angelo hoped that he was meticulous in the way Angelo hoped he'd be about his socks. "That was when my heart fell. Danny liked wearing simple, comfortable cotton socks.

the only practical think about him or his trobe. I mean, everything else was either black and flowing gabardine, or when he was feeling slutty, spandex bike pants and tight muscle T's. Damn it—I had come close to my ideal. It made me hate myself even more. Why were socks so damned important to me? Why couldn't I just sort of fatten up about it, and get over it, and ask God for what I'd found in Danny? I like to say it, it was hard for me to get along with Danny because he wasn't the kind of sheer socks that turned me on. It started to be a real problem. I didn't even get hard sometimes we'd have sex. Finally, I remember it many November night, we were walking back from the dining hall, and he suddenly turned to me and asked me what the hell was wrong. My dick and he had a very relationship: by staying limp, it was even more than I was." Angelo's face glowed as he relived what happened next. "It was young now, but I didn't care. We both

were sopping wet but I couldn't move out of the rain—I was going to take a risk I'd never taken before in my life, and it made my knees lock. I know it sounds silly, now—like, why couldn't I have just told him? But I was 18, and I'd felt so much shame about this. I started to cry. Then I just blurted it out: 'I like socks!' There was a silence for a moment. Danny looked confused. 'Well, so do I,' he said. 'In fact, mine are getting soaked at the moment.' I told him he didn't understand—that I like a certain kind of socks. And then I told him everything, everything about my father, and beating off with his sheer nylon socks, and my trips to Bay Ridge, and my Polaroid collection of hot men taking their shoes off—the whole thing. I don't know what I expected from Danny. Probably that he would call me sick and just walk away from me. But he didn't. He just listened to me and then, when I was done, said, 'So, give me a pair!' And that was it for him. It wasn't any big thing. I was more stunned by this than anything else. How could he not

think I was sick? I mean, this was real loony bin stuff, wasn't it?"

The idea that it might be okay not only to talk about his fetish but also to incorporate it into their sex life was a huge revelation for Angelo. "I'll always love Danny. Hell, we broke up about two years later. We ended up having horrendous fights—we both were kids, we didn't know shit about relationships—we fought about stupid stuff, but not about socks. He taught me that I could love a part of myself I had always hated, felt such fear and shame about. He opened up the rest of my life—it doesn't seem too strong to say that. I'll always love him." ■

Excerpted from "Dancing Around the Volcano - Freeing Our Erotic Lives: Decoding the Enigma of Gay Men and Sex" by Guy Kettelhack. Copyright ©1996 by Guy Kettelhack. To be published in October 1996 by Crown, Publishers, Inc.

Where to find it

Boots Club International
Box 93556, RPO Nelson
Vancouver, BC, Canada
(604) 488-1132, fax:
488-1142, email:
en@jumppoint.com

It celebrates boots and the men who wear them. Publishes Men magazine, available only by membership: \$28 US, \$35 Canadian International: \$35 US, \$48 Canadian.

Foot Buddies as well as The Foot Buddies Phone Book, available only to members.

Foot Friends
c/o NFN, POB 420570, SF, CA 94142-0570. (415) 431-0730. email: nfn@netcom.com
Twice monthly all male parties for men into feet: NY, SF and LA.

Boot Brothers
c/o NFN, POB 420570, SF, CA 94142-0570. (415) 431-0730
Twice monthly all male parties for men into boots that occur in conjunction with Foot Friends' parties: NY, SF, LA.

Kink Video
POB 420570, SF, CA 94142-0570. (415) 436-9840. email: nfn@netcom.com
Carries an extensive line of all male foot/boot fetish videos.

Foot Scene magazine
NFN Enterprises, POB 420570, SF, CA 94142-0570. (415) 431-0730. email: nfn@netcom.com
A quarterly magazine devoted solely to the male foot.

Dreamscape Inc.
POB 544, Hackensack, NJ 07602-0544.
A tickling and foot erotic comic book, for copy send 58 cents.

Boot JAQ
Website on boots: features fiction, images, quicktime video, personals. <http://www2.best.com/~bootjac/bootjaq/bootjaq.html>

Man to Man Tickle Network
MTMTN, POB 467, Elgin, IL 60121

The Boot Club
TBC, POB 662, Harrow, Middlesex HA38HF, United Kingdom. (011) 44 81 907 6222. England's all male boot club.

Foot Fraternity
11 Cleveland, OH 44124.
Publishes Foot Fraternity, a quarterly magazine available with a membership. Call Doug: (216)

Scandalous
POB 558, Lake Villa, IL 60047. email: skeeder@scandals.com
gay men interested in toes, socks, boots, tickling and clothing. Publishes

SIZE 12



Photos from Kink Video



Big Feet, Big Boots



SIZE 12



GLORY HOLE DICKS AND SKIN PIX

by Scott O'Hara

The best adult bookstore in the world is in Coralville, Iowa. This is the consensus of two of the most notorious sluts in bookstore history. What makes it so fabulous? In a word: Attitude. The owners know what their customers want, and they're happy to provide it. The customers want sex, pure and simple, and the setup in this place is designed for easy access. There are no coin-operated video machines; instead, after paying \$5 to enter the arcade, you're free to wander from booth to booth, all day if you want, watching different movies. No surveillance. The movies run continuously. The booths are large and clean, with locking doors, and most of them have gloryholes. There's room for four men in each booth. If you're so inclined; but most of the action takes place through the holes.

I've only been to this bookstore twice, most recently in August. I arrived at 10 a.m. which is not a very auspicious time of day for cocksucking. But I walked in and the clerk greeted me with a friendly "Good morning!" I browsed in the bookstore section for a few minutes, as one does in adult bookstores to establish residence; then I paid my \$5. The clerk gives you a receipt and you're free to come and go for the rest of the day, if you like.

There was only one man in the arcade when I arrived, and he didn't look like he wanted company. Some men don't. So I started watching movies — old movies. I like old porn movies. The performers seem to have a bit more enthusiasm than the current crop of studmuffins. It wasn't long before I heard the sound of the bell on the front door, and soon there was a shadow in the hallway. He went into the adjacent booth, and ten seconds later I was sucking dick. He had a lot of experience at this. He knew how to fuck face properly through a hole. He also proved to be gay.

There are two types of guys who you're



liable to encounter in this setting: straight, married men, who just want to get off and get out; and gay men who are probably waiting for those married men, but who are willing to have a little fun with their fellow cockhounds. I'm one of the latter, obviously. So this guy and I switched back and forth for the next twenty minutes: he'd suck me for awhile, then I'd suck him. A situation like this, unfortunately, can develop into an endurance contest: each partner is trying so hard to get the other one off that neither one is really enjoying it. At least, that's how it affects me. I did like it when he finally squirted down my throat, though. He left, and I settled down to await the next one — my competition having been sent temporarily to the bench.

I'd heard several new arrivals; it didn't take long for one of them to move in next door. I never saw his face, nor did I feel any need to; I did see the wedding ring on his hand. And the large silver belt buckle, and the tight Wrangler jeans, and the overhanging gut, and cowboy boots: signs that say, to me, Middle-aged Married Mexican. He fished out his dick, and yes, it was quite small, dark-skinned, and very uncut. My favorite kind. It got hard immediately, once I started sucking on it, and reached a more

average size; Mexican men tend to do that, a trait I admire. It took him less than two minutes to reach climax. He didn't linger.

There was a bit of a wait before the third man arrived. He might have been the twin of the last one. I was happy to drain his nuts for him.

At this point, though, I began to realize that I wasn't getting much pleasure out of this. Have you ever found yourself engaged in sex out of a sense of duty? Well ... it's not that any of these encounters were unpleasant. They weren't. But neither were they what I really wanted at that moment. Sometimes it's hard to tell what it is you want until you try it. "No, that's not it." I left; happy, but unsatisfied. I also had a stomachache, probably because one or more of those men was a smoker. Smoking cum always makes me nauseous.

But the clerk smiled at me as I left, and asked cheerily, "Have a good time?"

• • •

I'm going to delve back into ancient history here: back to the early '80s, when I was busily splashing myself all over the silver screen and various stages. At the same time, I began to be acquainted with

to a number of photographers, mostly of the skimpix variety. In order to be a star, I reasoned you gotta be on good terms with lots of good photographers. And I made a point of being photographed by as many of them as I could.

Now, most of you are probably familiar with Mark L. Chester's work. Lots of it has appeared in this magazine from time to time. It wasn't here that I first saw it, however, but in the local gay papers. He photographed performers for the theatre reviews. I particularly remember a photo of his friend Bill, a performance artist who had numerous ear piercings; in the photo strings had been attached to all of them and were being pulled — hard! It's a striking photo. The show was called *Connections*, and I still have some vivid mental images from it.

Shortly after that, I was introduced to Mark. He's an intimidating man (a description that always makes him laugh), but I managed to make clear to him that I wanted to model for him. I still had my strings then, and the friend who'd introduced me had a Prince Albert; so we put together a "scene" in which we got all dressed together with chains and weights and pulleys. It was amusing. I came back for more.

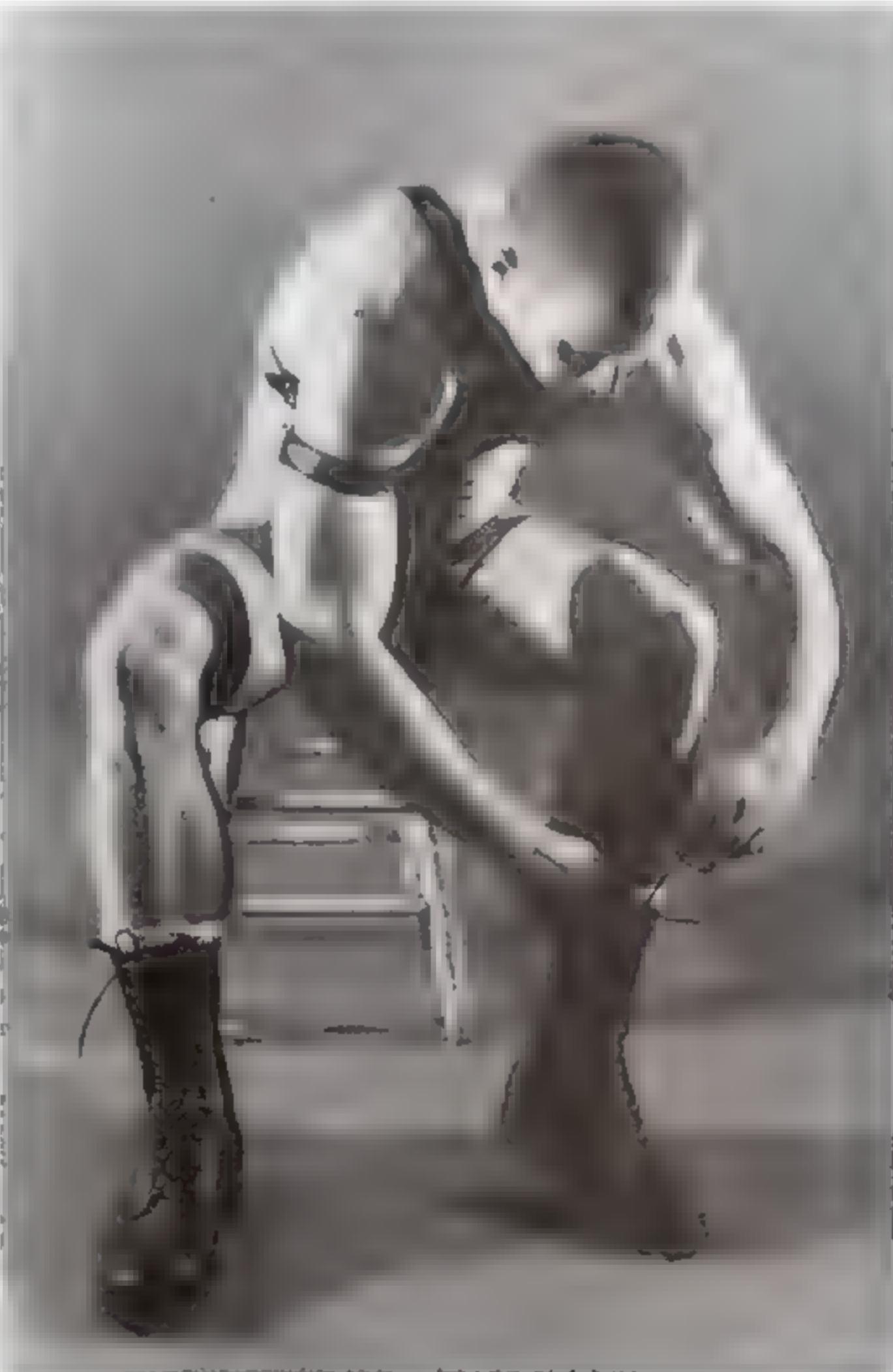
A year or two later, when Mark started a sketch group in his apartment, he asked me if I'd be the first model. It wasn't the first time I'd done that, and I jumped at the chance. I don't think I qualify as a true clubhopper, since showing my body off to people doesn't give me a physical hard-on. But it feels good; it makes me feel whole-some and healthy and positive about myself. Watching all those artists' eyes

studying every inch of me, not flinching at the Naughty Bits, is a very sex-positive experience. I recommend it to anyone who feels shy or insecure about their body. Call up Mark. He's still coordinating the group.

It's Mark's photography, though, that really turned me into his devoted slave. Most of it is not staged; he lets the model

feel, in a Mark L. Chester photograph, that these boys are playing dress-up. These are photos that come from somewhere deep in the soul, fetishes and aches that in some cases have never been let out on public display until Mark's shutter started clicking.

For years, Mark has talked about putting together a book of these photos. It isn't easy to get stuff like this printed, though. He has finally succeeded. Buy it. Though I'm far from being a disinterested party, being included in the book multiple times, I think it's the most stunning piece of work I've ever seen. There are bound to be comparisons to Robert Mapplethorpe, since both photographers deal, broadly, with "SM." Now, I admire Mapplethorpe; I applaud him for broadening the range of what was permissible in art galleries, and I'm very happy that he grew rich and famous from it. But looking at his photos, I always see the setup; I see the photographer arranging the components, deciding how it would look most artistic... and most shocking. Mark is not out to shock. He's out to show the world as he knows it — and as many of us know it — and to declare that this is good, this is natural, this is sex. ■



do whatever appeals to him. None of his work is "hardcore," there is no penetration pictured. What he looks for in a model is The Truth. And he usually finds it. What he found in me was the desire to show everything — absolutely everything — to everybody. Other of his models — most of whom were also friends — showed off their various turn-ons: rubber, spandex, piercings, rope, clothespins, snakes. You never get the

"*Diary of a Thought Criminal*" can be ordered from Mark L. Chester, at P.O. Box 422501, SF, CA 94142, phone 415-621-6294; the softcover edition is \$30, hardcover \$45, and a special collector's edition bound in black leather is \$250. Many of the images can be viewed on the web: <http://www.blackiris.com/mchester>.

The Art of Dyve



Dyve

Homo-Erotic Artist **Dyve**

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Dyve received his formal art training at Concordia University where he earned a Bachelor of Arts in painting and art history. He says his art is influenced by 19th century French painting as well as by the 20th century Russian Socialist Realists and the American New Realists. Dyve admits that he owes much of his development as an artist and as a leather man to the art of Tom of Finland.

The men depicted in Dyve's art are models who he picks up on the street or in bars. From time to time both Dyve and his ex-lover Michael have appeared in his drawings.

Dyve's work will be on view in Montreal at an exhibition of work by emerging erotic artists sponsored by the Tom of Finland Foundation at the O'Connor Gallery during November.

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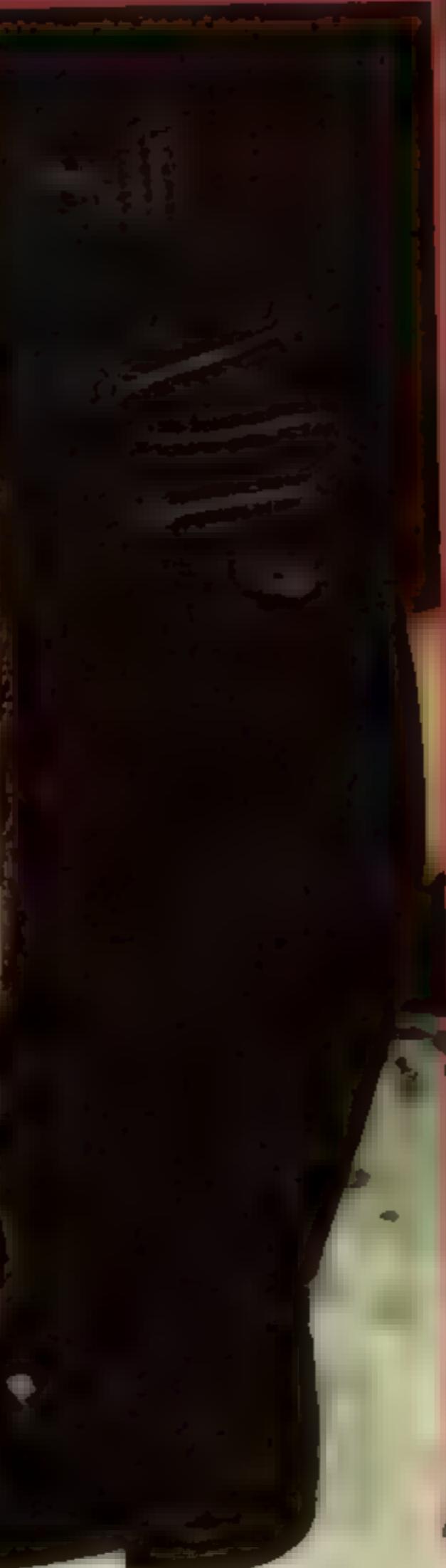
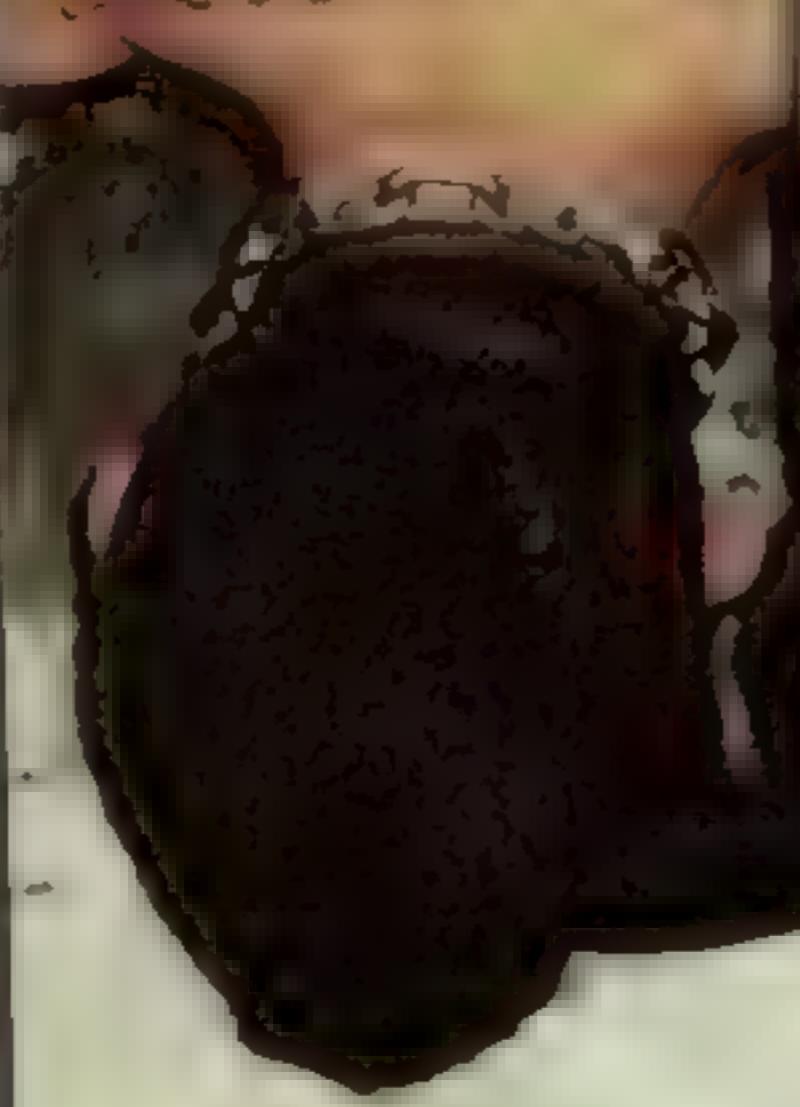


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The Art of Dyve



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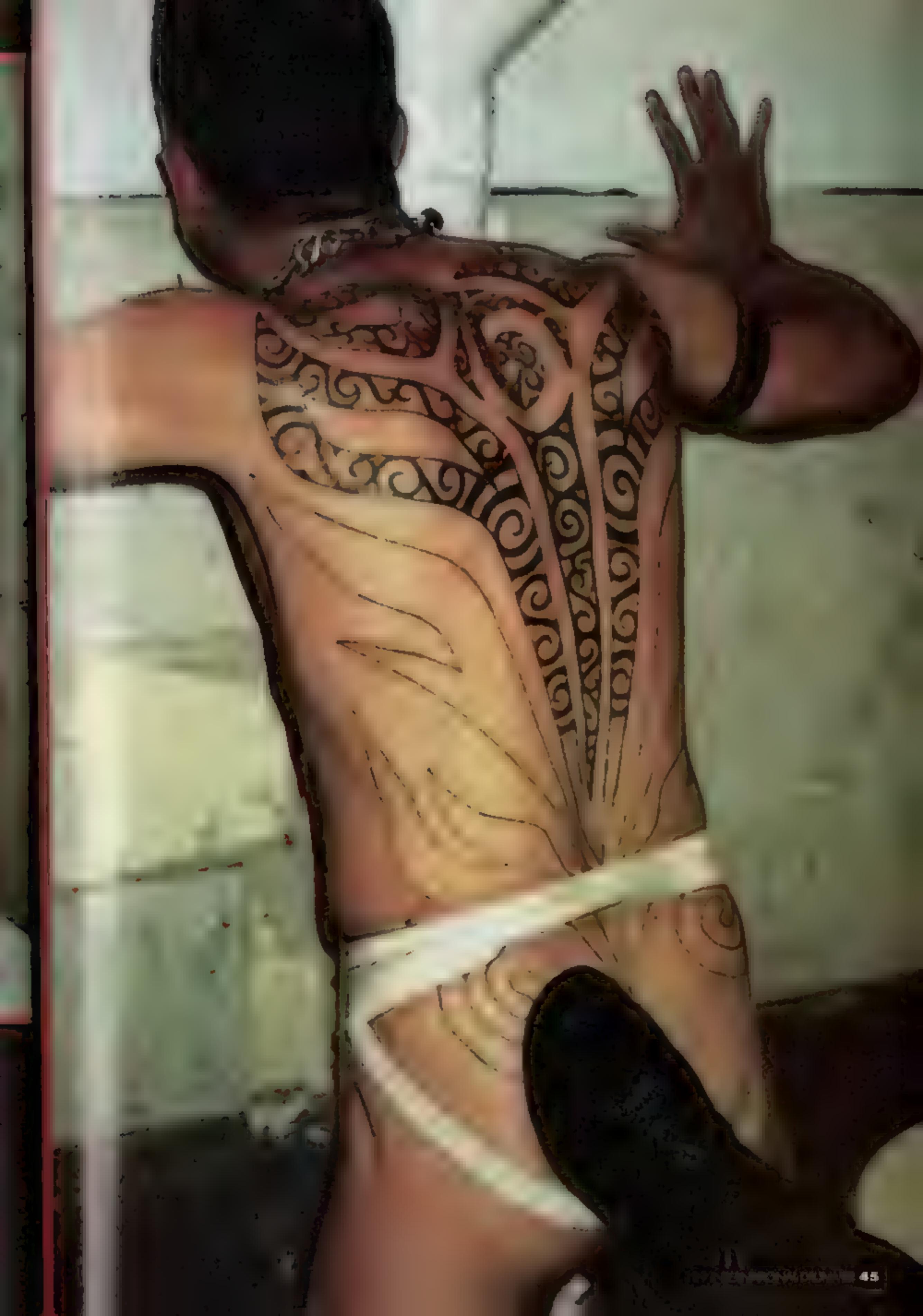
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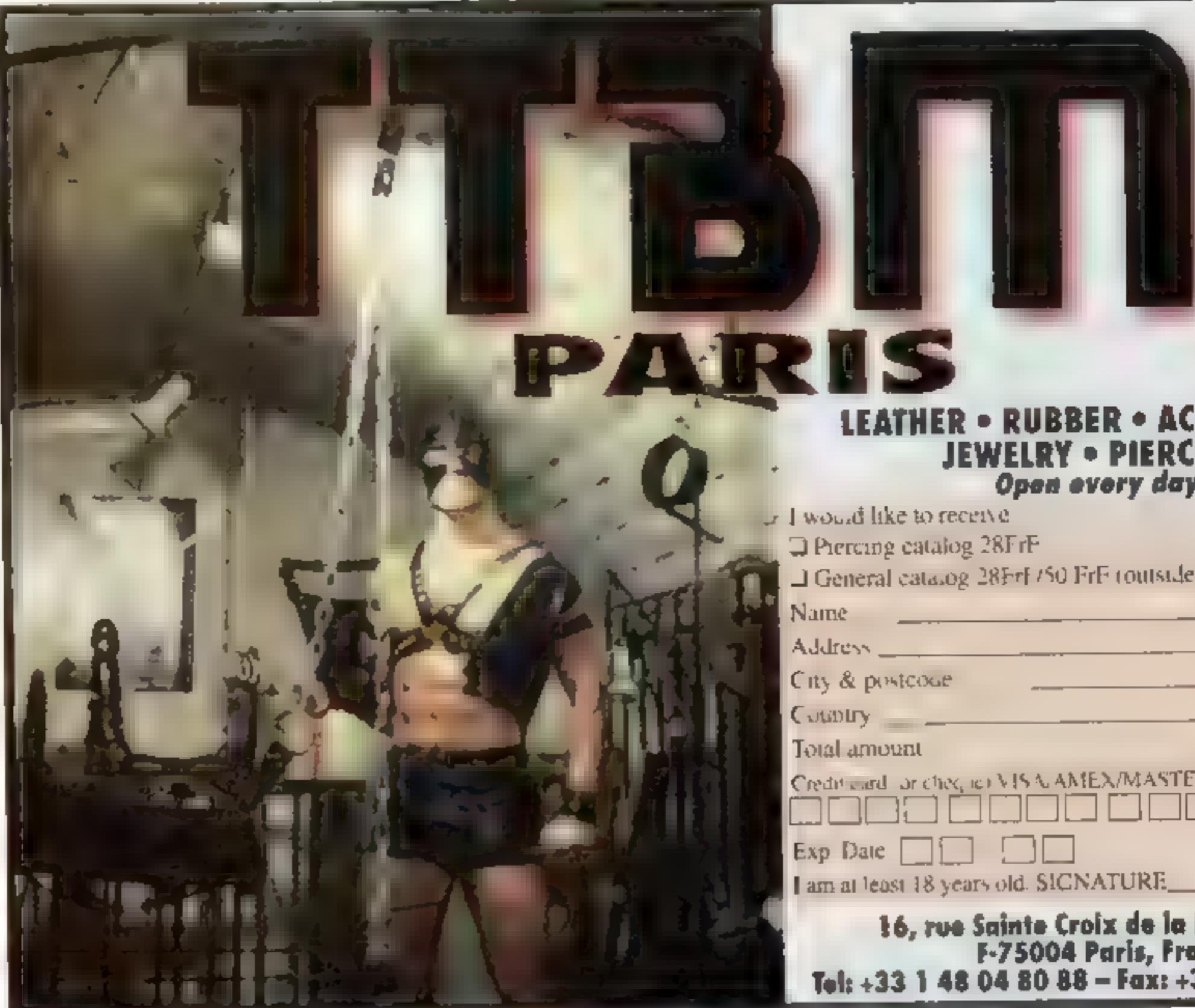
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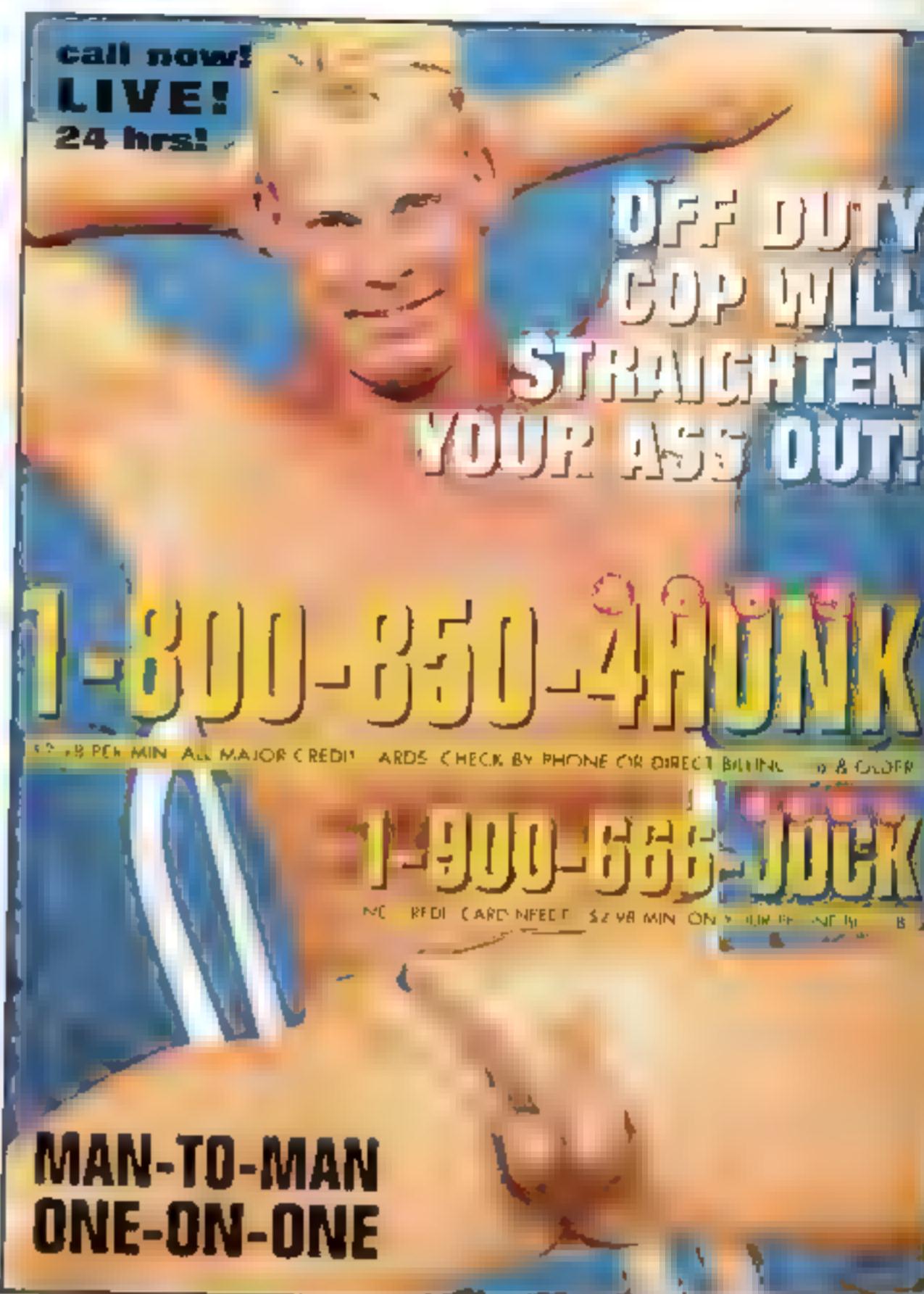
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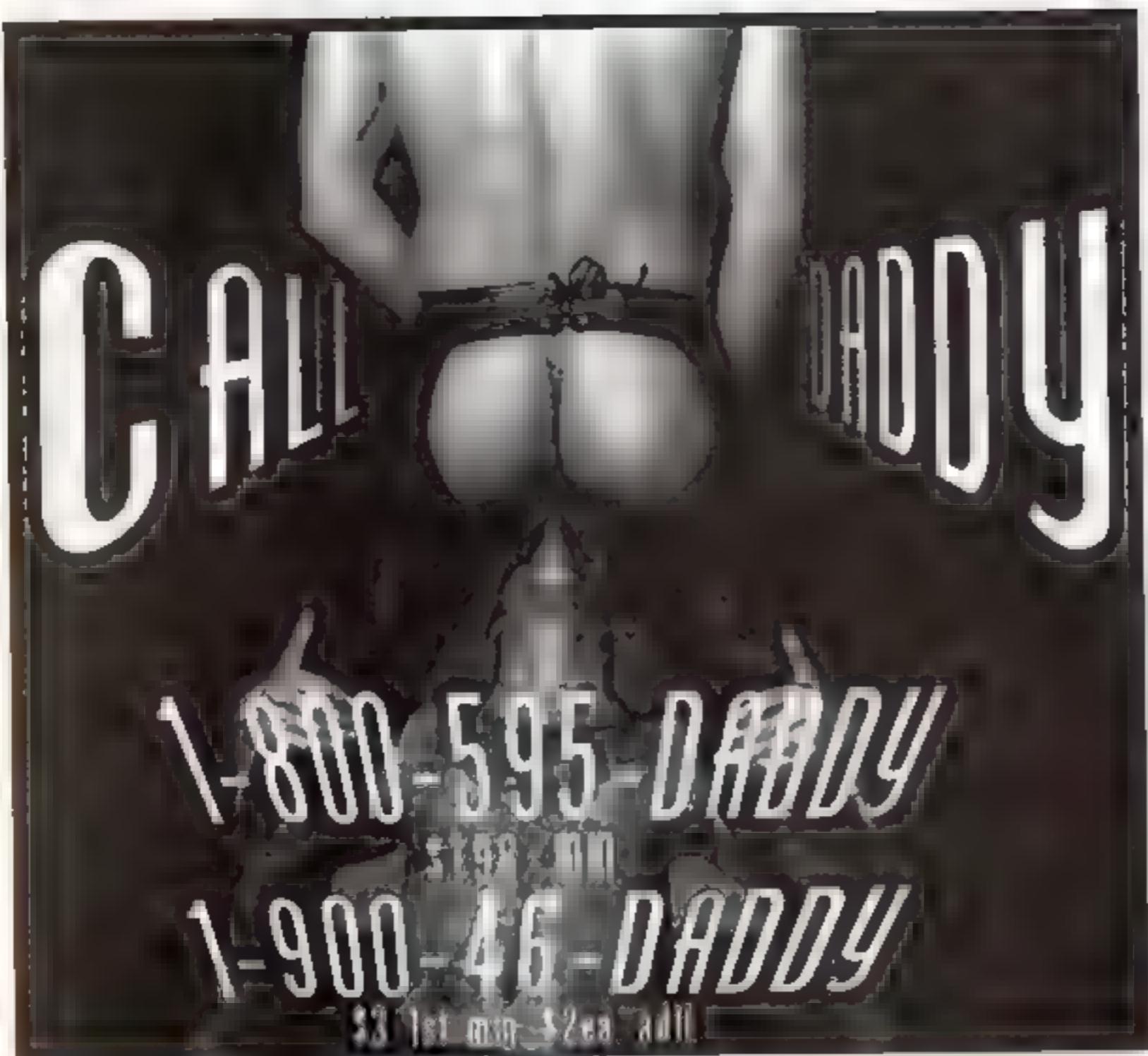
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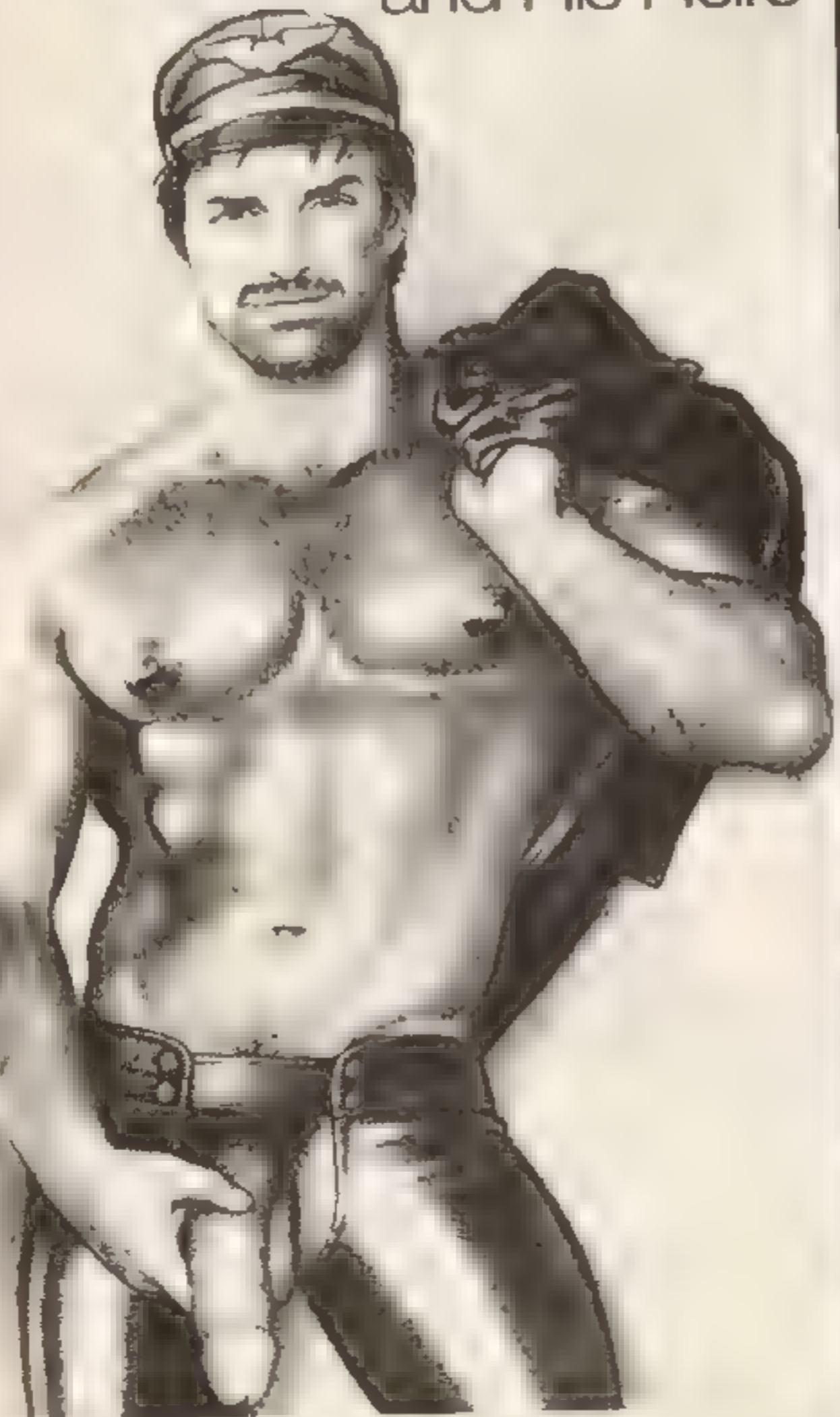
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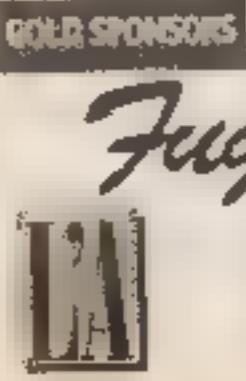
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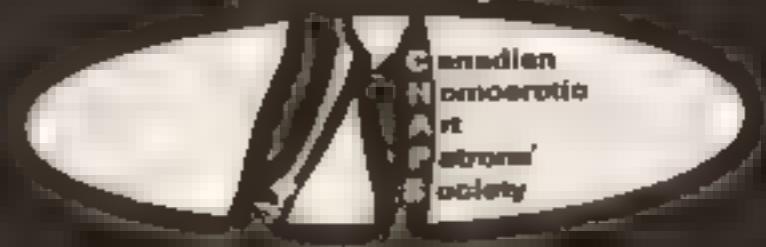
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Cock Tells All S A N F R A N C I S C O

"About psychic friends! I've heard of palm reading. Now you have your cock and balls! At least three people have been advertising "private parts" readings in San Francisco gay newspapers lately. Although you might think it's another come-on or ploy, the advertisements appear to be legitimately doing what they promise."

As far as he knows, San Francisco native Derek Whitcraft was the first to offer the service, having done so shortly after moving from Baltimore to San Francisco in 1993. An experienced palm reader, he volunteered his services for an AIDS fundraiser held at Club Itos, a sex club on Market Street near Castro.

"When I got there, they said they already had a palm reader and asked me if I'd like to read cocks. It wasn't meant to be taken seriously. It was a clever way to give out safe sex information. But afterwards, the organizers told me several people had come up to them and said they were amazed how accurate my readings were," Whitcraft related.

Organizers of a similar event at the Steamworks bathhouse in Berkeley later contacted him to read cocks there. A career was born.

"Strangely enough, I don't pick up sex information, or even romance, from genitalia," explained Whitcraft, who coined the term "physio-psychometry" to describe what he does. "The penis tells me about what's



Dore Alley Street Fair, July 1996, San Francisco.

going on with your health, while the balls seem to reveal trust issues."

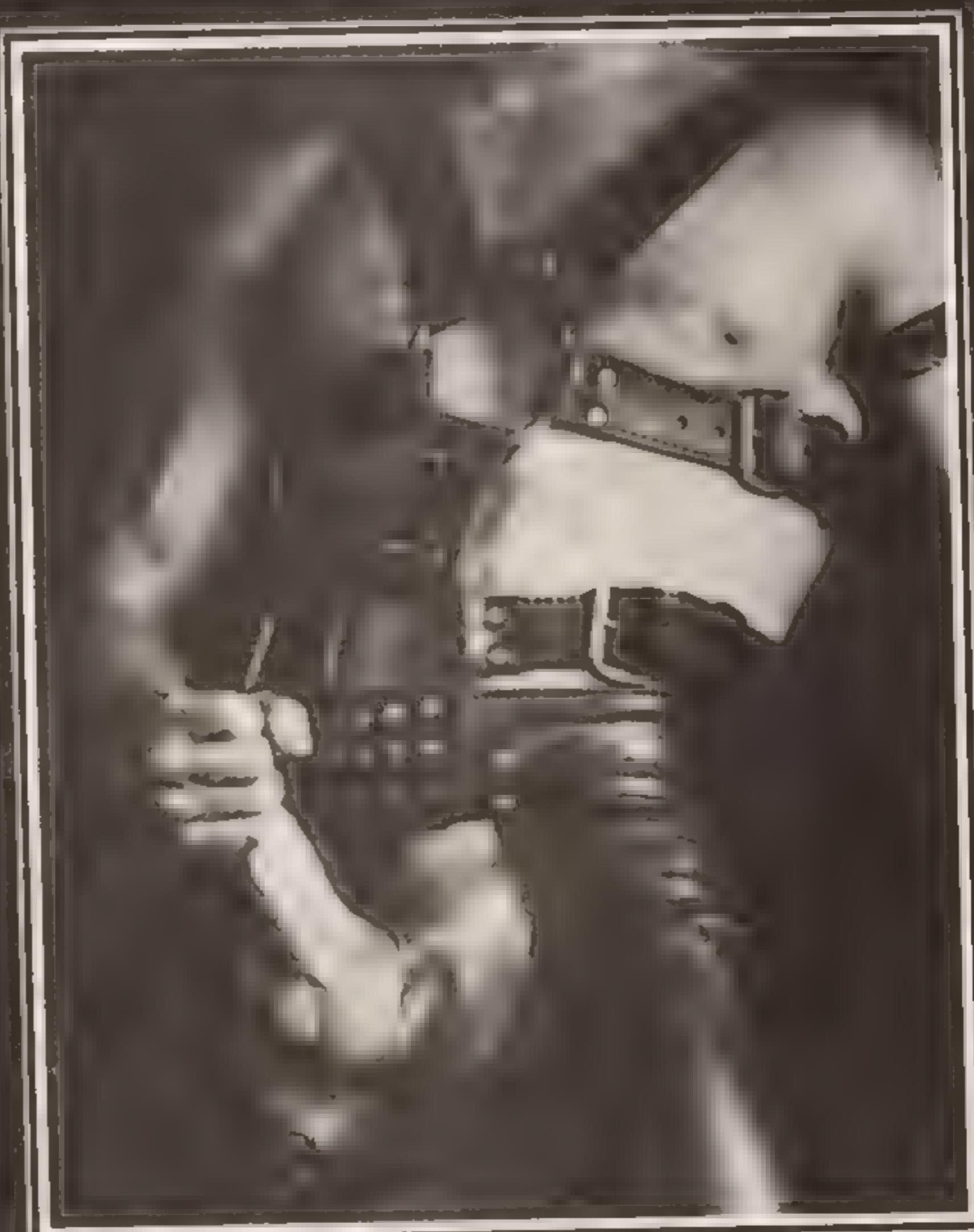
He has gradually expanded his body coverage, claiming to get information about different aspects of an individual's life from different body parts. Knees, for example, reveal attitudes toward death, while the abdomen shows how someone expresses inner feelings. It turns out to be the feet that reveal sexual information. But for promotion's sake, it's cocks and balls that bring the clients in.

Whitcraft works in computer programming during the day but understandably has more fondness for his vocational sideline. "Frankly, I enjoy holding other guys' cocks, so all in all, this isn't bad work," he declared.

Dance World Embraces SM Choreographer P A R I S

The long-standing joke that you'll learn more about opera and ballet in a leather bar than a music conservatory may be more accurate than anyone thought. One of the biggest hits of the European dance world in the past couple years has been "La Danse de l'Outrage" by French choreographer and self proclaimed SM participant Fabrice Dugied. Performed before projections of paintings showing explicit scenes of bondage and dominance and submission scenes, the dance communicates Dugied's protest against the recent rise in moral puritanism that seems to be

The Dungeon



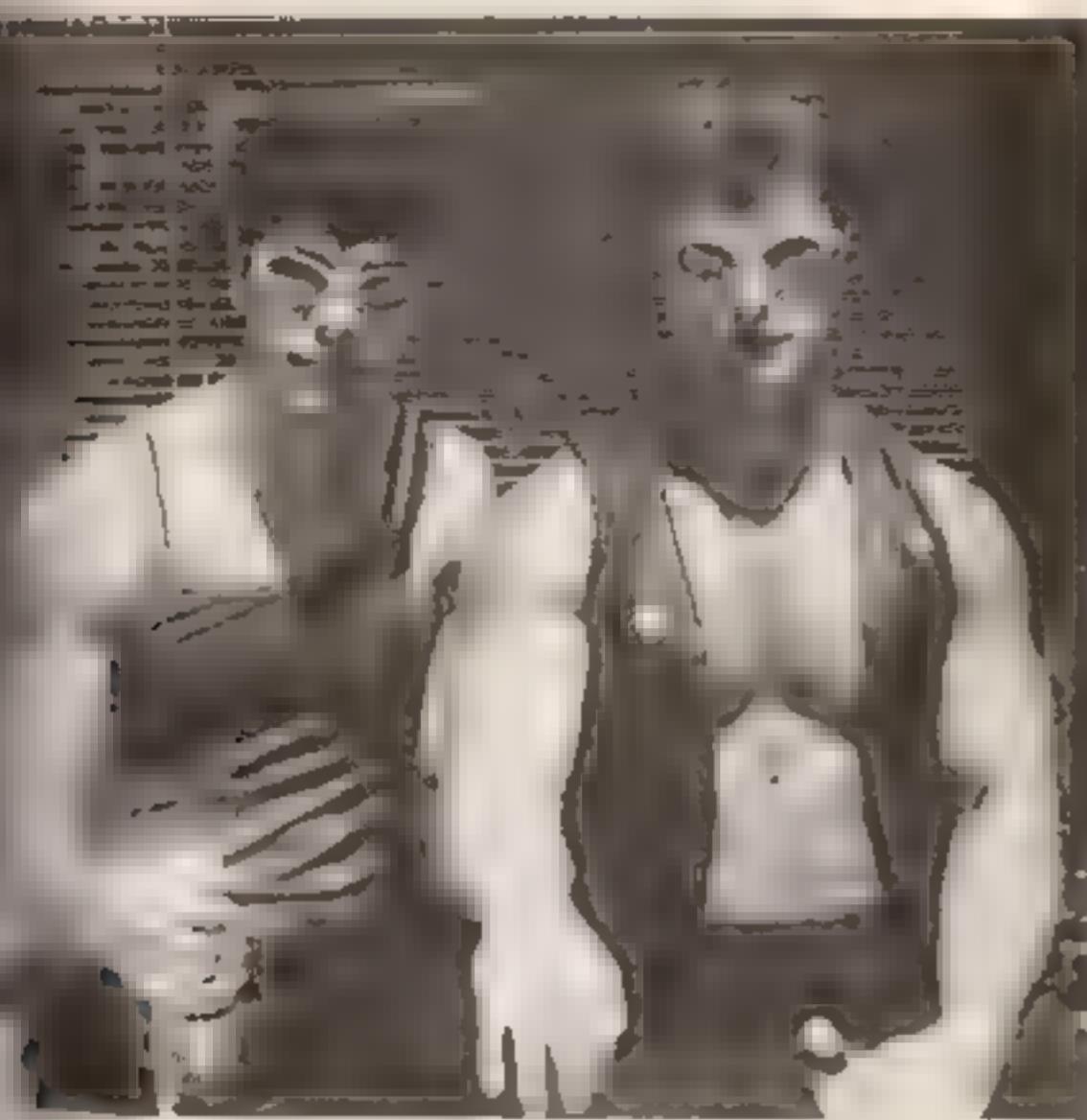
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elling throughout Europe as it has throughout the traditionally puritanical United States. Dugied's dance troupe performs regularly in London and Amsterdam and occasionally in other cities.

Sexual Freedom Coalition Established LONDON

In recent police actions against sex clubs and events in the banning of the Sex Maniacs' Ball has led to the foundation of Sexual Freedom Union. Open to all persuasions, the organization was established to act against interference by UK authorities in the activities of consenting adults. The coalition's strategy combine lobbying, public relations and joint work with like-minded organizations such as Own on Spanner and

other civil liberties groups. High on the agenda is repeal of the 245-year-old Disorderly Houses Act, which has been used to harass club owners and events organizers. Monthly meetings are held at Central Station, Wharf Road, Kings Cross, London N1.

New Concerns on Oral Sex UNITED STATES

The final word on the safety of oral sex has apparently not been made. A report issued by the Gay and Lesbian Medical Association earlier this year claimed minimal risk of HIV infection from oral sex, but a subsequent study on transmission of the related SIV (simian immunosuppressive virus) among monkeys has thrown doubt on the conclusion. Although some medical experts dismissed the relevance of the SIV study, presenters at various forums

announced they had gathered substantial anecdotal evidence of oral transmission of HIV.

The federal Centers for Disease Control officially recognizes fewer than two dozen cases of HIV infection as solely attributable to sucking someone off, but participants at forums in Vancouver, San Francisco and Boston have charged that major health agencies either deliberately or negligently failed to document numerous cases where this has occurred. Some claimed instances of oral transmission reach well into the thousands.

In response to the renewed controversy, David Boyer and Dan Wohlfeiler of San Francisco's STOP AIDS Project said simply, "[Unprotected] oral sex is a lot less risky than unprotected anal sex, but it is not risk free."

While acknowledging oral sex with a condom poses very little risk, Boyer and Wohlfeiler reiterated the following guidelines for oral sex without a condom: avoid getting semen in your mouth; avoid deep throat fucking; don't brush or floss your teeth for several hours prior to oral sex; and don't suck cock if you have an open sore or cut in your mouth.

Warnings on Condoms WASHINGTON, D.C.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration issued a warning that condoms manufactured in Malaysia by Dongkuk Techno Rubber

have an unacceptable level of breakage and should not be used. The condoms are marketed under several brand names, including Magic, Black Jack, Maxi and Ginza. The high failure level makes these products unreliable in prevention of HIV transmission.

Criminal Thoughts SAN FRANCISCO

Self-described gay radical sex photographer Mark L. Chester is trying to raise money to complete publication of a 64-page book of photographs entitled *Diary of a Thought Criminal*. The culmination of five years of work, the book, according to Chester, meets three of U.S. Senator Jesse Helms' four criteria for obscene art: it's explicitly sexual, homosexually oriented and portrays radical sex acts.

The book is being published by RFD Press, the publishing arm of RFD, a quarterly magazine about gay men leading rural lives. The project was started with an anonymous donation of \$18,000 made to RFD. While Chester had raised most of the cost of printing by early August, he still needs money for promotion.

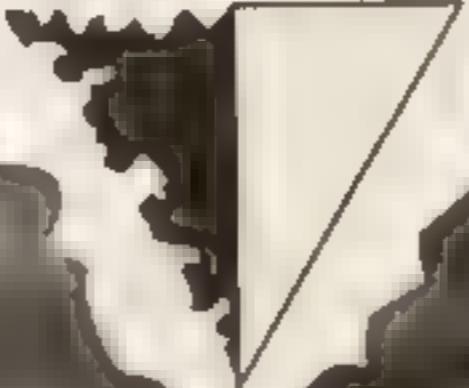
To help defray costs, Chester hopes people will order the book prior to publication. The softcover edition sells for \$30, hardcover \$45. A special collector's edition bound in black leather costs \$250.

To order, send check or mail order to Mark Chester, P.O. Box 422501, San Francisco, CA 94142.

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Three Years of Jacking Off A M S T E R D A M

The Stablemaster bar celebrates the third anniversary of weekend jack-off parties in November. Held every day and Saturday night from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. and Sunday afternoon beginning at 1 p.m., the parties actually will kinds of safe sex, including jacking off. The owners are carefully monitored, and anyone caught doing unsafe sex is usually ejected. Alcohol poppers are permitted, all other drugs are forbidden. Entrance is 10 guilders.

Club Changes Hands IN FRANCISCO

Playground, which its described as the largest gay sex club, first doors in May but immediately reopened new ownership as the Exchange Main Bar. New owner Mike, who owns another Exchange sex club in city geared toward bisexual and transsexual patrons, said he has several improvements to day, with more to

day the plans is complete transformation of 15,000 square-foot base into a first-class dungeon that will be a major in the leather community. "We don't want that's just thrown

together. It's going to be for people who are strong into leather," Powers commented.

Playground owner Deno Fessler was evicted for non-payment of rent. Rumors had flown for months about an imminent shutdown due to lack of attendance at the spacious four-floor facility a few blocks from City Hall.

Powers reported patronage has picked up since the changeover, but attendance is still not at the level he would like. He believes, however, that word about the improvements, especially the increased attention to cleanliness, will gradually bring back patrons who were turned off by the club's previous management.

"Everybody says they can't believe how much cleaner the club is. The presentation all around is more professional," said Powers. "It's always being upgraded, whether it's paint, or just atmosphere. I look at running a club like this as a long-term pursuit, and I'm committed to making it a success."

The club offers three levels of themed play space, including jailhouse, "electric forest," medieval banquet room, pirate ship, Egyptian tomb and dungeon. There is also a video arcade with pool tables and a free weight gym. Because the facility's size can make it seem overwhelming, only about half the 30,000-square-foot space is available for use at any one time, with different rooms open different nights.

According to Powers, the majority of the clientele tends to be men between the ages of 21 and 35, who demand a lot more than previous gen-

erations did in terms of ambience and decor.

"The younger community wants better atmosphere. Much like we have a service based society, they want this to be included in that approach," he said.

Mentioning his family's background in the water slide business as a major influence on his decision to run sex clubs, Powers said he hopes to open Power Exchanges in Los Angeles, San Diego and other cities.

Power Exchange is open Wednesday through Sunday



Dore Alley Street Fair,
July 1996, San Francisco.

from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. Regular entrance is \$10, but there are weeknight discounts. The dungeon is available for private rental for seminars, demonstrations and play parties.

SM Training Center Opens PALM DESERT, CA.

Want to learn solid SM techniques and protocol from experienced practitioners? Got an extra \$365, plus transportation cost to California?

Then you might be interested in signing up for Butchmann's, a weekend academy with classes in flogging, piercing, discipline, mastery and submission, slavery, tattoos, bondage, leather etiquette and spirituality. Facilities include a fully equipped dungeon.

Held once a month, usually the first weekend, classes run from noon Friday to 5 p.m. Sunday, with a maximum of eight participants being trained by several instructors, including experienced guest masters. Enrollment typically averages one top for every two to three bottoms. There are separate weekends for men and women. Tuition includes barracks lodging, meals and alcohol.

For information or an application, write to Butchmann's, P.O. Box 699, Palm Desert, CA 92261. You can also call or fax (619) 776-9205.

Porn Star Loses Teaching Job

VIRGINIA

Jeffrey Dion Bruton lost both his marriage and his job when his wife discovered he was leading a secret second life as blond superhunk Ty Fox in a series of gay porn films. After friends told her they had seen her husband's photograph in a gay porn magazine, Melanie Bruton cited his videos and photo spreads in a petition for divorce.

Once word spread, Bruton/Fox discovered his position as a junior high health and physical educa-

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that teacher was on the line. School district officials in Fulton County demanded his resignation. Although several parents and students reportedly requested he stay in the popular porn star moved to resign.

Foot Scene Takes a Hike AT FRANCISCO

National Foot Network moved from New York to Francisco and increased sizes and activities under John O'Leary and Morano relocated both organization and their new Kink Video, to the

Coast earlier this year take advantage of the

addition to publishing I wrote a quarterly for gay men with fetishism. NFN runs Foot parties twice a month in San Francisco and a month in Los Angeles. Typical parties draw 50 and 100 participants. O'Leary and Morano they are considering

getting party scenes going in other cities as well but have made no specific plans to this point.

The couple started the organization with parties at a small Greenwich Village bar in 1987 and gradually built it into a national network. The goal, said O'Leary, is to eliminate the sense of shame many people have around not only foot fetishism but fetishism in general.

"I want every gay person to know their feelings, whatever they are, aren't something to be ashamed of. You should be gay and out and oblivious to other people's finger pointing," he said.

Contact National Foot Network at P.O. Box 420570, San Francisco, CA 94142-0570 or via e-mail at nfn@netcom.com. For up-to-date info on Foot Friends parties, call (415) 431-0730.

Rubber Has A Blowout CHICAGO

The city's newly formed Men of Rubber Club has scheduled a Rubber Blowout for

Veterans Day weekend, Nov 8-10. In addition to a Friday night welcoming reception, a Saturday night dungeon play party and a Sunday brunch, the event will include the Mr. Vulcan Rubber 1997 contest to raise money for AIDS organizations.

Co-sponsored by Men of Rubber and Leather Knights of Boston, the contest will be held at the Cell Block Bar. Mr. Vulcan Rubber, the world's first title contest for male rubber enthusiasts, originated in Boston in 1993. New Yorker John Ferrari won the first title. Chicagoan Ryan Johnson has held the title since 1994. The current winner will receive a cash award and various prizes contributed by rubber dealers and organizations around the US.

Prospective candidates and those interested in advance-purchase weekend packages can obtain information by writing to Studio R, 3023 N. Clark St., Ste. 201, Chicago, IL 60657, calling (312) 506-8747 or via the Internet at MVR97@aol.com

Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Centaur Motorcycle Club will sponsor the Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend Jan. 17-19, 1997. Festivities will include Leather Cocktails, Leather Market and the 1997 Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather contest. More than 1,000 members of the leather community are expected to attend. The \$60 registration fee covers entrance to all events, Saturday lunch, Sunday

brunch, complimentary drink tickets, merchandise discounts, entertainment and shuttle bus service, as well as a commemorative pin.

Accommodations for the weekend are available at the Ramada Inn at Thomas Circle for \$79 plus tax per night. Call (800) 424-1140 to make reservations, as for the Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend special rate.

For additional information, including applications to compete for the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather title, contact Centaur MC, P.O. Box 34193, Washington, DC 20043-4193 or call (202) 388-1010.

Referral Service for SMers on Web SAN FRANCISCO

Race Bannon has put his Kink Aware Professionals project on the World Wide Web. As reported in Drummer 189, KAP is a referral service to help people into SM and related activities find doctors, dentists, psychotherapists and other health-care professionals who are, if not participants, at least supportive of alternative lifestyles. KAP also lists lawyers and a few other professionals not related to health care.

Professionals wishing to be listed on the site are urged to contact Bannon. The site's address is: <http://www.bannon.com/race/kap>.

The KAP referral list can also be sent to those who have e-mail but not web access. Send an e-mail message with "KAP E Mail Request" typed in the subject line to race@bannon.com. ■

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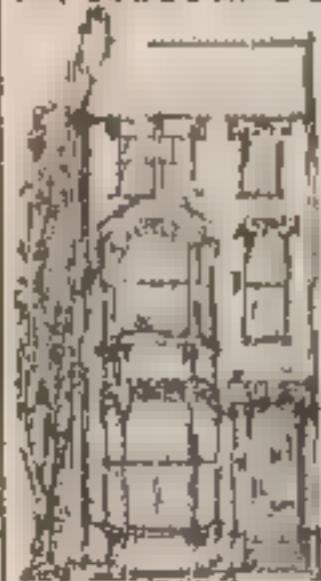
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BOOK SECTION



Metropolitan Slave Anthology II

*Job and Sleazemaster. Selective whoring. POB 4597, Oak Brook, IL 60521 \$16.95, 185 pages
Edited by Jasper Jenkins*

The first thing that grabbed me about this was the list of rules set forth in the introduction for the porn I was about to... 1. No condoms, 2. No safewords, "If the slave dies, he dies," and so forth. I was in for a treat. The first story,

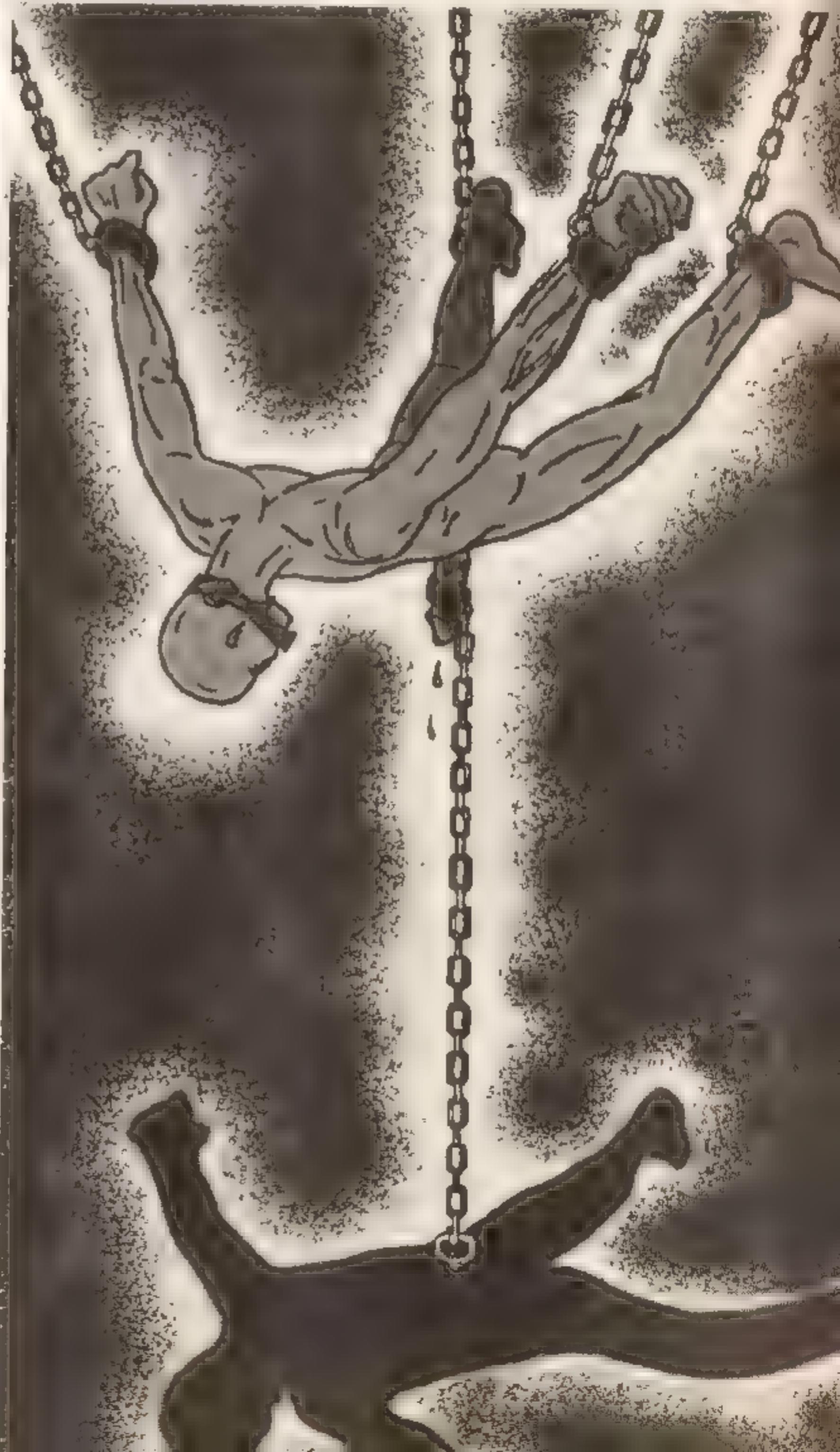
Illustration by Beau from
Metropolitan Slave Anthology II"

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presumably by job, is a brutal tale of torture and revenge. A Vietnamese orphan whose parents were killed by American GI's, and who was enslaved by his own people, finds an outlet for his rage when he kidnaps a young army sergeant and fellow student at an American university. Keeping him in a basement dungeon under surveillance, the young master recreates his own terrible experiences, using the sergeant as a whipping post, a fuckhole, and a toilet. I found myself excited by the writing and the reversal of power dynamics, but not particularly aroused. There is not even a hint of pleasure for the bottom in this story; maybe that's why I couldn't get into it.

Sleazemaster's Aley Cat series, on the other hand, is a totally non-consensual torture story that works very well. The reluctant slave is subjected to every possible pain-provoking instrument. His castration occurs pretty early on, which helps him adjust to his new position in life as that of house pet.

Also included in this collection is "The Case Of The Missing Master" by Sleazemaster. A fine murder mystery with plenty of bloody, gory sex, this story should earn Sleazemaster a high place in SM writing. The Fall 1995 issue of *Metropolitan Slave* is appended at the end of the book, but in type so small it hurts the eyes, so don't bother. But, if you delight in horror and the thought of amputation gets you hard, do bother reading *Metropolitan Slave Anthology II*.

Beware The God Who Smiles

By Larry Townsend. Badboy Books, 801 2nd Ave., NY, NY 10017, \$5.95, 199 pages
Reviewed by Jasper Jenkins

An Egyptian idol has puzzled archaeologists for centuries. Is it Anubis, helper god to Osiris, or Seth, a god of evil? Go back in time with Townsend's horny boys and find out. A museum guard, a grad student, a scientist, and a psychiatrist discover the power of the idol to zap them into ancient Egypt when they bugger each other in its presence. Only problem is, they land in the middle of a civil war and don't know who is friend or foe. Our beefy young guard winds up a slave for a while, and is gang raped by fellow prisoners when jailed



*Christina
Abernathy*



Miss Abernathy's Concise Slave Training Manual

for insubordination. He passes out and, too bad for us, wakes up back in the 20th century.

On later trips, our gay adventurers have orgies with young willing slave boys, fall in love with each other, and eventually solve the mystery of the "god who smiles." This well-written novel unfortunately didn't meet my standard for good porn, which is at least one orgasm per 20 pages. I don't even think the characters were that lucky.

Miss Abernathy's Concise Slave Training Manual
by Christinen Abernathy. Greenery Press, 1996, \$11.95
Reviewed by Maryke Struik
Why is a book by a woman being reviewed in Drummer? The subject of dominance and submission crosses gender lines. In Abernathy's introduction she says "Perhaps you . . . thought masters and slaves only met in books." Unlike those paperbacks, the Slave Training Manual is written. The style is dignified, befitting a Victorian master, but seasoned with humor and occasionally with archness. It is a book for the 90's and beyond; most of the appended resource list is limited to the San Francisco Bay area, there is also a list of useful World Wide Web sites.

The title "Slave Training Manual" implies that this is a book for submissives, but topics of broad interest to slaves and masters are addressed. It is described as role-based, superseding gender, and the balance of responsibility between dominant and submissive is emphasized. There are sections on being a slave, styles of dominance, and variations of the D/S relationship. Different forms of slavehood, from sex slave to butler, are explored in detail. Etiquette, behavior, clarity of communication, and consensuality are discussed without the annoying pedantry so common in most SM books.

If your only idea of a hot time is getting drenched with piss by 10 cigar-smoking total strangers and then having them pummel your dripping flesh with their feet while you growl, snarl and struggle, you might want to give this book a pass. If you have been looking for a manual to help you raise dominance/submission to highly developed performance art levels, this is it.

Bike Boys, Drag Queens, and Superstars

Avant-Garde, Mass Culture and Identities in the 1960s Underground Cinema. By Juan A. Suárez. Indiana University Press, \$16.95, 343 pgs.
Reviewed by D. Travers Scott

"Boys" . . . is a cock-tease: sexy subject, and cover; but it spends pages of historical small talk before you get around to the action of its title, "It's a pretty limp fuck. 55 pages of follow.

Añez analyzes New York underground filmmaking from 1961 through 1971, focusing on Kenneth Anger's *Sex Rites*, Jack Smith's Flaming Furballs, and Andy Warhol's art films and commercial projects such as *Flesh*. He shows how these firms fuck with the boundaries of high/low culture and avant-garde/institutionalized art biz. Suárez also traces lines of resistance (useful for us queers) in art culture before Stonewall and found hardcore porn.

Fortunately this is an academic for academics. In terms of jargon references, it limits its audience by being an educational membership. But Añez is a careful and rigorous critic who makes no discernible effort to present passion and humor within his writing — exactly the sort of cultural mix his book calls for. I got me wrong, I'm a closet academic myself. I went to art school on an intestinal film scholarship and am a fan of the three filmmakers he focuses on. I really wanted to like this.

Unlike Reay Tannahill's hilarious history, Stephen Koch's book on cult films, *Stargazer*, or Mark Johnson's book on gay identities in culture, *Masculine Impersonators*; *Boys* . . . is not near as accessible, nor entertaining as its subjects deserve to be.

Journal — Sensurround Edition
Suárez, Ed. Amok Books, e-mail: amoklink.net, \$19.95, 448 pgs.

In D. Travers Scott
are no hard dicks in the Amok Sensurround Edition. Never think of this "compendium of psychological investigations" will grab readers. AJ compiles bizarre "in a pursuit of a neurobiologist for mystical and ecstatic experiences." M, BD and Modern Primitive

play are not directly covered, but their practitioners will find many intersections and parallels with their own mind/body/spirit interests, offering new perspectives and twisting the imagination.

AJ explores 8 topics through interviews, medical and scientific journals, newspaper articles and even a Disney paperback. "Autoerotic Fatalities" sniffs out fatal masturbatory misadventures with hanging, vacuum cleaners, suffocation, carpets and a VW bug. "Trepanation" digs into the consciousness-expanding technique of drilling holes in your skull. "Guatiero Jacopetti" covers the director of *Mondo Cane*, Africa Addio and other shockumentaries. "Cargo Cult" explores South Pacific Islanders' religious movements arising around attainment of Western economic bounty. "Neue Slowenische Kunst" surveys the art and propaganda of the Slovenian art collective NSK, known in the U.S. mostly for its industrial band Laibach. "Self-Mutilation/Amputee Fetish" checks out desire for amputees and amputation. The physical effects of low-level, imperceptible sound waves are surveyed in "Infrasound," and scrotum self-repair, a concrete enema, deer-tongue masturbation, werewolves and hostage hallucinations fall into "Psych-Out."

Although mostly culled from medical and scientific texts, AJ reads fun and funky. An engrossing, page- and stomach-turner, AJ provokes fascinating reassessments of mind, body and culture interrelationships. ■

Books to Watch Out For:

Partings at Dawn: An Anthology of Japanese Gay Literature
Edited by Stephen D. Miller. Gay Sunshine Press, \$19.95, 352 pages
Includes work of the contemporary erotic writer Mutsuo Takahashi; note the SM novella *The Hunter*.

The Mad Man

by Samuel R. Delany. Rhinoceros, \$8.99, 568 pages
He's best known, perhaps, for his science

fiction; but this is a serious, hard-edged and hardcore pansexual novel.

Hogg

by Samuel R. Delany. Black Ice Books, \$11.95, 219 pages

Written more than 20 years ago, too "sleazy" to find a new publisher until recently. This is an exultant literary exploration of raw sexual taboos.

Nature in the Raw

Edited by Gerry Kroll. Alyson, \$11.95, 230 pages

The range of gay erotic fiction collected from Freshmen magazine is not broad, but stories by Derek Adams go beyond vanilla.

The Pleasure Chateau

by Jeremy Reed. Velvet, \$9.95, 183 pages
A tour-de-force of perverse sexual extremes, gothic erotica for all sexes from a major British poet.

Freak Like Me: Inside the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow

by Jim Rose. Dell, \$13.95, 200 pages
An inside look at the last traveling freak show in America: fetish scenes and titillating photos.

Desperate Visions

Vol. 1: Camp America

by Jack Syevenson. Creation, \$17.95, 180 pages
The underground/sleaze/fetish films of NY, SF and Baltimore (think John Waters, okay?) in the 1960s and 1970s are explored through interviews (the Kuchar brothers), essays and filmographies.

Telepaths Don't Need Safewords & Other Stories

From the Erotic Edge of SF/Fantasy

Edited by Cecilia Tan. Circle Press, \$2.95, 80 pages
Chapbook chock full of edgy science fiction and fantasy tales.

All books available at *A Different Light* Bookstores in San Francisco, 489 Castro Street; New York, 151 West 19th Street; West Hollywood, 8853 Santa Monica Boulevard; by phone 800-343-4002.

On your knees, boy!

I said, get down on your knees, boy!
Good boy. Now, boy, I want you to take a pen
and fill out this order form for the all-new RoB catalog.
I'm going to give you one minute in which to obey me, boy, and if you
haven't filled out this order form perfectly, then you know what's going to happen.
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more importantly, you're never gonna receive the newest and largest RoB catalog ever.
catalog that's bursting with the best selection of leather and rubber gear that any true slave will
get an instant hard-on over. So you see, boy, if you don't fill this out, you're just never gonna
to suck on that new gag your Master was going to order to fill that pretty little scum-suck
mouth of yours. You'll also never get a chance to order those new leather chaps that you were going
get for your Master, and that means you'll never be able to clean them with your tongue like a good
groveling slaveboy should. So, boy, why the fuck aren't you writing? I told you to fill this out NOW,
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The New RoB Catalog

My First Foot

nox@bmi.net

I was the first week of summer, after high school graduation. One of my brother's friends was moving an apartment near his college and my parents were out of town, when my brother came by and told I was going to spend the weekend with Shawn move, I didn't have anyone to help me get out of it (not I really wanted to get out of it).

I looked into the U-haul with Shawn, we took off. Shawn is a very good guy. Blue eyes, light brown hair, a smiling smile, plus a baby face angular jaw. His legs were sexy, hairy, and muscular. The first I did after closing the van door he took down at Shawn's feet. He wearing Nike high-top sneakers, (brown, at one time, white). His socks were pushed down, forming ridge after ridge of hot cotton fabric. You ready to work your ass off?" I asked.

"I guess so," I answered.

"You better be, 'cause I sure as hell plan to," he replied.

Shawn drove in silence, while I sat his feet working the pedals. I moved deftly, alternating a gentle smooth push on the floor, and a quick firm mashing the brake pedal. I had never experienced having someone's sweaty foot push against my face, but I knew I'd do anything to get a whiff.

I closed my eyes, creating an of what it would feel like to have a big, sweaty, socked foot, against my nose. When I my eyes, I resumed memoriz-



Photos from Close-Up Productions

occupying himself with the action. I was about to take a seat on the other end of the sofa, when Shawn looked over at me

"Hey boy, what are ya doin' standin' around? Get your ass in there and start packing the kitchen stuff. And when you're done with that, get started on the bathroom and bedroom. I didn't bring you all the way over here to stand around and watch TV," he said. He snapped his fingers again, loudly this time. I headed for the kitchen. "And hurry it up, pussy boy," he added laughing at my humiliation and obedience.

I had met Shawn only a couple of times before, but I never expected him to talk to me like that. As I started packing, I remember thinking that

ing every smudge and mark on his sneaker; every crease, every ridge in his sock, even the way it clung to his ankle as it disappeared down into his hot leather sneaker. I was mesmerized.

The ride to Shawn's old apartment seemed all too short. When we walked inside, Shawn flopped onto the sofa and put his feet up on the coffee table.

"Get me a beer out of the fridge, boy," Shawn ordered, snapping his fingers, and pointing to the kitchen.

After a quick glance at his feet, I went and got the beer he'd ordered. Returning with the beer, I placed it directly into his outstretched hand. Shawn had switched on a ball game, and was

I was in heaven. Shawn, living alone, didn't have too many things to pack in his kitchen. It didn't take long at all, even with the interruption of him hollering at me to "fetch" him another beer. After I finished with the kitchen, Shawn had me take the three boxes, one at a time, and load them in the rental van. When I came back upstairs, Shawn stopped me as I was going toward the bathroom to start packing.

"Hey, come over here, boy," he said. (He kept calling me 'boy' even though he was only three years older). I moved around and stood in front of where he was sitting, his large feet still resting atop the coffee table.

"I've noticed you staring at my feet every time you're in the same room. So, what the fuck's your problem?" he asked.

I didn't know whether to deny that I'd been fascinated by his sneakers and socks, make something up, or just tell him the truth. I decided on parts of the last two.

"I just think they're really hot looking," I said nervously. I glanced down at his dirty-white sneakers. The shoes were nearly worn out from Shawn's abuse and constant wear.

"What'd mean you think they're hot? D'ya mean you like the way they look or that you think they make my feet sweat?" Shawn responded.

"Both," I said quietly, not knowing how Shawn would react.

"Holy shit, are you telling me that you're a fuckin' fag for my sneakers, and sweaty, stinkin' socks?" Shawn asked, laughing through his question.

"Yeah, I guess that's what I'm sayin'," I answered, staring down at his propped-up feet.

Shawn nearly rolled off the sofa with laughter. When he finally stopped laughing, he looked me square in the eye. With a fast chuckle he said, "I'll tell you what, if you're willing to do all the packing and unpacking, all the loading and unloading, and then come back here and clean this place spotless so I can get my deposit back, I'll let you get down on your knees and lick my sneakers 'til they're white again. What d'ya

say, fag?" he taunted.

I was stunned. I had never dreamed anything like this could ever actually happen.

"Sure. Sounds like a bargain," I agreed.

Shawn just snapped his fingers and told me to get him another beer—and get to work.

When I had everything packed, and loaded up, Shawn headed for the van. He told me I was going to do the driving, so he made himself comfortable in the passenger seat. During the drive to the new apartment, Shawn turned in the seat, leaning his back against the door. He swung his legs up onto the seat and plopped his size twelve's right in my crotch.

"That where ya' like it, fag?" he jeered at me.

"Yes, Sir, Shawn Sir," I answered, like a total wimp.

"You know," Shawn said, "I've been wearin' these same socks inside these dirty sneaker for four days. Haven't had time to do laundry while I've been lookin' for an apartment." He dug the heel of his sneaker into my crotch and moved it back and forth. "Hell, if I'd known you were such a fag, I'd of had you workin' for me a long time ago, doin' my laundry, cleaning my apartment, all that shit that I don't like doin'. Now, I guess I'll just have to make up for lost time," he added with renewed laughter.

Shawn lifted his foot up to my face. I could smell the pungent, warm sneaker/sock odor seeping through the worn leather. He touched the side of his shoe against my lips.

"Kiss it, faggot," he ordered.

I pressed my lips firmly against the side of his dirty shoe. My cock was rock hard. The close-up view of Shawn's high-top and white sock was almost more than I could stand. I nearly drove off the road. Shawn laughed for a long time after he'd returned his foot to rest atop the other in my lap.

When we got to his new place, Shawn got out of the van and went inside. He told me to bring in his sofa, (it was small, and with a struggle, I had

to load it by myself), and TV told me I was told. The last thing I had to do at this point was disobey him, he might withdraw the offer to lick those sneakers of his.

I sat in the sofa, the TV, and put beer in the fridge. Shaw had switched on the TV and made me comfortable on the sofa. I him a beer.

I only had strong motivation to my ass" and get things done it was already after five in the

on o'clock I had everything and unpacked in Shawn's apartment. I even had the phone in, and the shower curtain told Shawn I was finished.

"I don't think you are, you faggot," Shawn replied. "You've got a couple of major-sized sneakers, I think you'd better plan on staying the night here. That'll give you time to clean these high-tops and you can go over to the old bar and get it cleaned up," he added. "Get down on your knees, fag-boy. You to lick every speck of dirt off these shoes," Shawn said, snapping his fingers.

I stood before him. Staring directly at the sole of his sneakers. Damn, I was in big trouble believing that this was really happening. It was as if I had been able to see every fan ever had.

"Lick my face down there at my balls. I wanna see and feel your mouth on my funky shoes. DO IT, AI!" he bellowed.

I slowly moved my face in toward his right foot, his right high-top, glancing up to get a look at the expression on Shawn's face. He was looking right at me. Completely ignoring the game still on the floor. He was studying my every move. I slowly moved my tongue, letting it move out of my mouth until it pushed against the side of Shawn's shoe. I pulled my lipped tongue firmly from the side of the shoe, upward toward the toe, keeping my tongue in only to wet it again at the process. The dirt and sweat had a tangy, salty taste. As I

worked on licking Shawn's high-top, I could smell the odor of his sweating foot, and four-day-worn socks. When I let my eyes wander upward, I could see the dirty shoe laces, and the top of his sock appearing just beyond the loose-hanging shoe tongue.

Shawn made me spend a full hour kneeling before him, licking the white leather of his sneakers. Occasionally he'd shove the toe of his shoe into my mouth, or he'd order me to lick harder, or faster. He didn't take his eyes off me for a second. He was really getting off on seeing someone going down on his dirty sneakers. By the time he told me "that's enough" on the shoes, my dick was throbbing with pleasure. Shawn ordered me to get him another beer, and then get back on my knees at his feet. I obeyed without hesitation, my dick throbbing harder just from hearing him give an order.

When I returned to my kneeling position before him, Shawn ordered me to remove his left sneaker. I reached forward, untied the shoelace, loosened each eyelet, and pulled the massive shoe-tongue forward. I gripped the heel with one hand and the toe with the other, and gently, slowly, pulled the huge sneaker from Shawn's hot, sweat-soaked, white sock.

"Just so you know, I'm gonna make you EAT that funky sock, faggot. I kind of like the thought of my dirty fuckin' sock churning around in your stomach," Shawn said, almost sadistically. "But, for now, I want you to get your face in there and smell and lick it," he commanded.

The odor coming from Shawn's sweat-filled sock was strong and pungent. The smell of leather sneaker dominated my senses as I moved my face closer to the sole of Shawn's foot. I inhaled deeply. That awful, terrible odor was like expensive cologne to me. I could feel the warmth emanating from Shawn's still sweating foot. The sock formed perfectly to Shawn's big foot. The ribbing of the fabric pulled tightly against the arch and ankle. I pressed my face against Shawn's foot-sole with slow passion, trying to etch in my mind

every micro-second.

Placing my nose in the cavity above the ball of his foot, I pushed my mouth against it reverently, devotedly. I could feel the dampness of the smelly, funk-filled cotton. The sweaty moisture was sticking to my mouth and nose. Shawn pushed his foot into my face, and gripped my nose with his long toes.

"I ordered you to lick it faggot," Shawn said, angrily. "Do what you're told. Lick my dirty sock and suck out my foot sweat."

I pushed my tongue flat against Shawn's sock and tasted his foot sweat. The sock was so permeated with his sweat that it almost oozed out of the cotton fibers. I grabbed the smelly sock with my lips, pulling some of the sweaty fabric inside my mouth. I sucked, filling my mouth with the sweaty product of Shawn's foot.

After licking and smelling his filthy sock for awhile, Shawn pulled it from my face.

"Open your mouth, faggot," Shawn ordered.

His dirty sock still just inches from my face, I opened my mouth, and Shawn brought his foot forward, directing his toes into my open mouth. He shoved and twisted his foot around pushing it inside my mouth, up to, then just beyond, the ball of his foot. The corners of my mouth strained against the large intruder. My mouth was completely full of Shawn's foot, and dirty sock.

"Now, suck on it, boy," he demanded.

As I began sucking on Shawn's foot, he ordered me to remove his other shoe.

"I want you to massage every fuckin' inch of that sweaty sock with your faggot nose," he barked down at me. Cramming his foot inside my mouth more securely, he pressed his other foot firmly against my nose, and began rubbing it, starting at the heel and moving up toward the arch of his foot.

"Come on, let me hear you smell it, fag. Come on, breathe in nice and loud so I can hear it and keep sucking on the foot in your mouth. Don't forget,

that's all yer gettin' for dinner," Shawn jeered, then laughed.

After Shawn forced me to chew the dirty sock off his foot, he made me get on the floor at the foot of his bed, where he ordered that I would be spending the night. He made me take the other dirty sock from his foot, and add it to the one already stuffed inside my mouth. He forced me to close my lips around the rancid balls of sock, then he taped my mouth closed with duct tape.

"Now you'll get the pleasure of tasting my dirty socks all night long," Shawn said cruelly.

Shawn ordered me to unfasten his pants and take out his stiff dick. I knelt beside the bed, between Shawn's legs, Shawn placed his hand on the back of my head, forcing my face down onto his crotch. Shawn spit down onto his hard cock, and proceeded to literally fuck my face, grinding his saliva into my cheeks, eyes, and forehead. His cock spewed sticky, white, cum all over the floor. Shawn wiped it off the floor with the sole of his foot. He brought his foot up to my face, depositing the odorous jism all over my face.

Shawn really got off on making me service him. Needless to say, so did I.

Shawn and I continued getting together almost every weekend that summer. Somehow, Shawn was always coming up with interesting new ideas.

Sometimes he'd make me kneel at his feet and literally worship him. He'd say things like, "Bow down and pray to me, slave." He'd let me take a pair of his dirty socks home to "suck clean" during the week. I'd have to bring them back the following weekend, freshly washed. In the mean time, he'd be wearing the same pair of socks all week, getting 'em nice and slimy, ready to shove in my face.

I don't know what happened to Shawn. But, wherever he is, I'm sure he's got someone on their knees, groveling at those huge feet that I remember so well.

*My First Foot appears in Foot Scene,
Vol. 1., Issue 4.*

Night Time

By Adam Knight

I was six-thirty when I left my apartment and headed for the party. What occasion was being celebrated I don't recall. I stepped to the leaf strewn walkway and drew in a deep breath of the crisp autumn air. It was already nighttime.

Arriving at the party, Phil was introduced to me by a mutual friend. I was twenty-three. Phil was thirty-something. His handsome good looks were astonishing. Comments about the stranger were frequent, flattering and filled with sexual curiosity.

Phil was wearing heavy-soled, black leather boots with laces that disappeared under the legs of well fitted Levis. His torso, chest and broad shoulders were covered with a light-blue polo shirt. He smiled broadly revealing a small gap between what were otherwise perfect, straight, white teeth. He looked at me without mercy. It seemed he was looking through to my sole. His steel-blue eyes pierced my flesh. I felt a tingle move up my spine as he gripped my hand firmly.

"It's good to meet ya," Phil said casually. "I've been watching you for the last hour. I kinda wondered when you'd make your way over to me," he said, a touch of arrogance in his voice. I was temporarily speechless. Phil shook my hand and released it purposefully. At last I found my voice. "It's good to meet you too. I like your boots," I said clumsily in a nervous attempt to keep his interest.

Phil looked down at his own feet. The black leather was well worn and the rounded toes shone. He lifted his eyes back to meet mine and renewed his smile.

"Nice of you to notice," he said with amusement. "What is it you like about 'em?"

"I guess the thing I like best is what's in them," I said, referring to his handsome presence.



placed his cocktail on the stand for me. He grabbed my hand, placed it in his rear belt loop, turned me attached, walked through full of people. I followed him the door into the darkness out. took my head in his hands and full lips against my waiting mouth. breathed heavily as he moved I bit back and forth across along the hair at the back of my neck controlled my movement and a deeply, passionately. His hand in and around my mouth

using his grip on my hair he my mouth. With his face inches I could feel his warm breath nuzzly. "You're gonna do anything?"

neck bent back, my eyes into his. Though he hadn't response, I heard myself say

"I'd quietly. "Yeh, you'll get on and beg, won't ya' boy." Sure owner, he didn't wait for a "Get down on your knees and mind me. Your first lesson is how to heel like the dog you

had on he turned and walked

on the cold sidewalk. First one the other. Phil was walking him. He gave no attention to my humiliation. He knew I'd

My lips still fragrant with I placed my hands flat on the crawled

quickly to catch up with the he bonted feet. As I arrived at he pointed to the heel of his without so much as a glance in I heard him say, "Heel dog." he snapped his fingers and almost imperceptibly. He off the sidewalk and onto the heel. His personal dog. the sharp gravel abused my hands as I crawled. When we car, he opened the passenger and ordered me to get in and door-where I belonged. I did him. From my position on the

floor of Phil's car, I watched as he opened his door, lifted his foot and swung it in, his ass and other foot following.

I looked up into Phil's face. He was staring down, as if studying me, deciding exactly what he was going to do with me, his newest slave. My face flushed red from the embarrassment and humiliation.

"Remember one thing, pig. You're not my equal. I'm more desirable than you and more important than you in every conceivable way. I'm better than you. Everything you've done in your pathetic life has been leading up to this, your reason for existence—serving me," Phil said firmly. "That's why you're huddled up on the floor beneath me and I'm sitting comfortably above the likes of you," he added.

Phil started the car and pulled away. I kept my knees on the floorboard. I rode there in silence, alternately staring at his boots, his crotch and his handsome, sun-browned face. How did I get here, did I want to be here? I wondered to myself. I thought about what Phil had said and how he had treated me. First with passion, then with disdain. "Yes," I answered in my thoughts, "I do want to be here and I'm here because it's where HE wants me to be."

When we arrived at Phil's house, he ordered me to get the fuck out of his car and open his door. "If you're a fuckin' slave to me, you'd better start actin' like one pig," he snapped down at me. Without further orders, I crawled around the outside of Phil's car and opened his door. The concrete floor of his garage was cold. While I remained in crawling position, Phil swung his legs out. He looked down at me and smiled. Placing his hand at the back of my head, he pulled my face forward. He grabbed a handful of hair like he had done before and jerked my head back. Leaning forward he kissed me briefly, then shoved my face hard into his crotch. I could feel his cock stiffen. He continued applying pressure to the back of my head, pushing my face firmly against his growing dick.

"Jesus, that feels good," he said. He placed the heel of each boot on top of my hands as they remained in the crawling position. He stepped down hard and keeping my face in his crotch he stood up letting his full weight bear down on the backs of my hands. I groaned with discomfort.

"That hurt pig?" he asked. I nodded my head in affirmation. "Too bad," he said feigning concern. "I don't feel anything but your face massaging my fuckin' dick. It feels pretty fucking good. So, I guess you'll have to get used to it, you fucking pig."

He released my head and pushed it down towards his feet. He continued to stand with the heels of his boots on my hands. "Get your fucking face down there at my feet, pig," he commanded. "Kiss those dirty boots and thank me for the honor of serving me," he added.

I drew my face in close to his huge boots. The aroma of the warm, well-creased leather filled my nostrils. I pressed my lips against the black leather. Phil lifted his other foot and placed it on the back of my head. He shoved my face cruelly against his boot. "I told you to kiss that fucking boot, pig. I didn't say peck at it," Phil demanded. He laughed as he stepped down on the back of my head.

Satisfied that I was going to obey him sufficiently, Phil ordered me to crawl behind him inside his house. As he walked away, I fell in just like a fucking dog. A little behind him and at his left side. I crawled along side my new master.

When we got inside Phil ordered me to "fetch" him a beer. Phil made himself comfortable on the sofa. He didn't acknowledge the beer I had brought to him. I set it on the side table near his hand. "Get your pig face down there at my feet, slave," Phil ordered. Phil had placed his feet upon the coffee table with one ankle crossed over the other. With my face a fraction of an inch away from the soles of his boots, he moved his foot forward touching the dirty boot sole against my mouth.

"Lick it, pig," he demanded. "Lick the sole of my fuckin' dirty boot."

I parted my lips and pushed my tongue out to its full length, pressing it flat against Phil's waiting boot sole. Pulling it firmly across the heavy sole. Phil made me pry loose every piece of dirt, grime and gravel, forcing me to swallow each piece as it was freed from the tread of his boot.

"Pull my boots off, slave boy. My feet are hot, sweaty and tired. I think they're gonna need some heavy duty massaging," Phil ordered.

This change of labor was welcome. My tongue was getting tired and felt completely raw from licking Phil's boots. "You're gonna finish cleaning these fuckin' boots tonight, after I'm done with you," he continued.

I pulled hard on Phil's left boot and eased it free from his sweating, socked foot. As I removed his boot, Phil bent his leg at the knee holding his foot above the floor. He ordered me to get on my back with my face under his foot. I did as he demanded. Phil held his foot inches above my face. I could see him smiling down at me with that huge foot dangling close. "I want to hear you beg, pig," he said as he laughed. "Beg me to step on your face with my sweaty, smelly sock. You wanna be close to me, don'tcha? Well, that's as close as you're gonna get. So beg!"

I begged. "Please Sir, step on my face with your sweaty sock," I heard myself saying. I looked up at his foot suspended above my face. I could see brown dirt from his boot forming the outline of his foot on the white moist sock. I could smell the warm foot sweat that permeated the sock. "Please Sir I'm so far beneath you that I can only have contact with the lowest part of your body. Please sir, step on my face."

I continued begging until Phil lowered his foot slowly, letting it rest firmly on my helpless face. Then I was silenced. He shoved the ball of his foot up against my nostrils.

"Let me hear you smell it, p.g." Phil said. I inhaled deeply filling my nose and lungs with the pungent, moist odor of Phil's dirty, sweat-filled sock. Phil rubbed the sole of his foot all over my face, laughing as he pried my mouth open and

shoved his huge foot inside. "Suck on it," he ordered.

Phil repeated this procedure with his other foot. Forcing me to suck the sweat from his dirty sock. "Like mother's milk, boy, isn't it?" Phil mumbled. I knew by the sound of his voice he was getting turned on.

While Phil was torturing/pleasuring me with his sweaty, socked foot, he was also handling his stiff cock. Groaning and clearly getting off on seeing me under his feet. Phil made me take his socks off. He immediately took one of the smelly, still-moist socks and wrapped it around the back of my head, fastening the foot part of it in place against my nose with some kind of alligator clamp.

Making me kneel before him, he placed one bare foot on my shoulder and the other he made me hold up to his face with his forearm. "Clean between my toes, little piggy. I wanna hear you oink. C'mon, do what you're told, slave-pig," he taunted.

Phil pushed the sole of his bare foot against my mouth. "C'mon, stick your tongue between my toes and lap up my toe scum," he commanded.

I slid my tongue between his big toe and the long toe next to it. I pulled my tongue in and out, lapping up the left-over sock lint and concentrated foot sweat. "Oink, Oink." I made the pig sounds Phil ordered. The taste of the inside of Phil's boot and salty sweat filled my mouth. He shoved all five toes into my mouth. "C'mon, lap up my toe scum, slave-pig," he taunted.

Then he pulled out his toes and shoved them back in my face. Phil pushed the sole of his foot against my mouth. "C'mon, stick your tongue between my toes and lap up my toe scum," Phil commanded.

I slid my tongue between his big toe and the little toes in my mouth and pushed hard until my mouth accommodated the ball of his big foot. With his stinking sock covering my nose, I could barely breath. But I was ordered to keep cleaning his bare foot as he thrust in and out of my open mouth.

Phil let both legs drape over my shoulders and down my back, forcing me to

crawl forward. "That dirty sock smell good, pig?" Phil tormented. He laughed as he brought his arm up and backhand me across the face. "Lick my sweat balls, you faggot," he demanded. I pushed my face down between my legs until my mouth came in contact with his ball sack. "Lick 'em, you fag-pig," ordered.

I licked Phil's balls with the tip of my tongue while Phil fisted his rock hard cock. Grabbing the back of my head, he thrust his cock inside my mouth. "Suck my dick, pig."

With his socks still pressed against my nose, I sucked on Phil's stiff dick. I kept his hand on the back of my head. I couldn't pull free. He pumped his dick in and out of my mouth, shoving it in. My lips covered the base and the tip of his cock slid down my throat.

"Yeh take it, you fuckin' pig. You're my personal pussy-mouthed slave. You gonna take it whenever and wherever I tell you... you fuckin' faggot. Smell in my funky feet, lickin' my boots and waitin' on me hand and fuckin' foot and suckin' off is all you're gonna be livin' for from now on, slave boy."

As he let loose with a string of commands, and humiliating verbal abuse, he pumped harder and faster making my eyes water. It was like he was actually fucking someone. He had no regard for the fact that he was fucking my mouth. He was using me and violating every part of me. And he was getting off on it time.

Just as his cock started to jerk with the undulation of orgasm, he pulled his cock from my mouth and let it spurt across my face. I felt the sticky jizz splatter against my cheeks, eyelids and splatter against that dirty sock.

Phil shoved me to the floor and rubbed his foot through the mess on my face. "Clean it off, pig... and I want to hear some more of that fuckin' pig noise. I want to hear you prove to me that you are really a fuckin' p.g." Phil commanded.

That was six years ago. And it's night time. *Night Time appears in Foot Scene, Vol. 1 Issue 1.*

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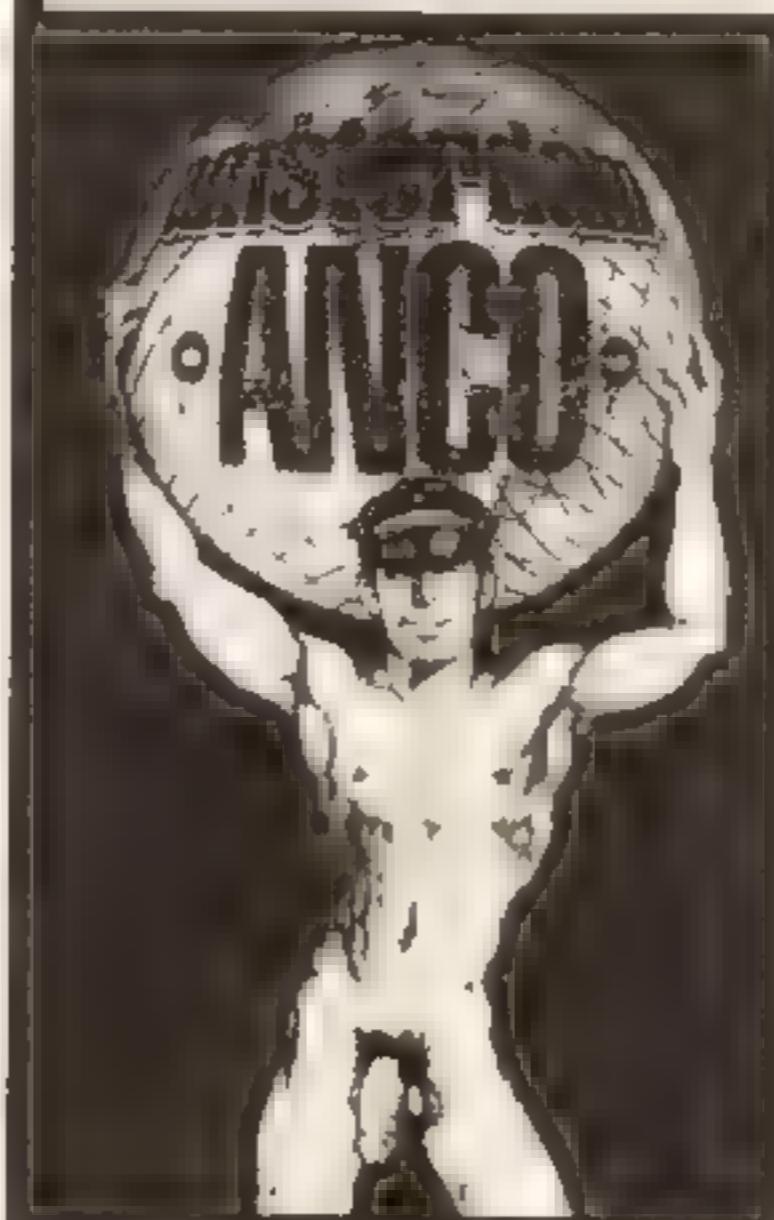
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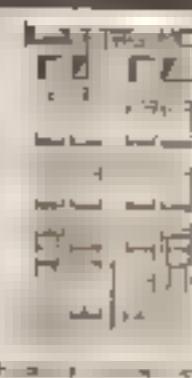
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Underfoot

By Hoody Allan

Accompany

I was writhing and rolling on the floor, arms handcuffed over my head by a chainleg. Every part of me jerked and hollered and squirmed with each tight snap of his belt to my tits. Then the man who put me there leaned forward in his chair over my face, and reached over my belly for the thong cinched tight around the base of my long balls and hard, drooling dick.

The surge was tremendous. My body curled, lifting my butt off the carpet as my entire body reared with the twisting release. Sounds rumbled in the back of my throat, the ringing in my head subsided and my back side slowly touched the floor again as I came back bit by bit, from the very edges of my pain and pleasure limits. That's when it hit me.

He sat back in the chair. I could hear him step out of his boots. Two thumps on the carpet beside me and I thought to myself, "Shit, it's amazing where a foot fetish can take you," as he stepped his big wool-soaked feet up on my quivering, falling chest.

We were taking a break; I was reclining under the reassuring weight of his feet centered on one heel resting in the space between my tender tits. He had them crossed at the ankles. I looked up around his left to see two sets of toes stretching and curling luxuriously in warm, wet wool. My legs, stretched out and relaxed, the small of my back sank into the carpet as my neck muscles, tight and taut under the strain of the beating, extended. My tender, swollen dick bounced and drooled on my belly at the thought of being used as a footrest.

I'm into feet. It's a fetish, something guaranteed to turn me on and keep me rock hard and horny all over. Nothing makes me cum faster and more furiously than a man's foot stepping on my face. Nothing keeps me going



Photos from
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on longer and harder, more intensely into a scene with a man than to be teased, tortured, soothed, reassured and rewarded with the sole of his boot, the warm, sweet smell on his socks, the taste of his bare feet. It's a turn-on, a button to push; something that puts me on the floor handcuffed and helpless to the whims of the man sitting over me in his socked feet.

The man I was playing with that night shifted his feet on me to rest flat on my chest, stepping on my tits still tender from the beating they'd taken. That made me squirm, whimper as he rubbed rough wet wool on them. My head swirled again, my dick jumped and slapped in the puddle of its own drool on my belly as he slid one foot up to my face, held it, then brought it down to rest. His foot squished my nose and I tried to kiss the arch.

I'm into feet

That's what I still tell anyone who asks me what turns me on. It's a fetish, a life-long sexual fascination w th men's feet, their socks and footwear, that has always been there/not there in the background of my fantasies and desires. For a long time it was an unnamed, untapped sexual power source always missing from every encounter I had as I 69ed my way through the early adult years of my life. Now it's a force that grabs and leads me by the hard-on into the fiery wonders of SM lovemaking.

It's as if my fetish somehow kept me out of the mainstream flow of what too many people call "normal" sex. I used to worry that this "thing" I had would get in the way of having a reasonably satisfying vanilla sex life. Now I'm a proud pervert, a foot freak no longer ashamed or embarrassed by the bulge bobbing in my jeans whenever I ask a trick, pretty please, if I could take his shoes or boots off for him.

It's a fetish—something physical happens to me when I'm allowed to help a guy out of his footwear. I get this tense, delicious feeling all over just getting down on my knees before him. And when I watch his foot slip out, toes stretching and curling in the



BOOK SECTION

sock, the scent hits my nose and sends pulsing signals to my dick.

My lover and I were sharing a bath, back in the days when we were still boyfriends, when I stumbled upon my foot-fetish. We sat face to face as he inadvertently raised a soapy, steaming big toe up to my lips. I kissed it, then sucked it into my mouth along with the two smaller toes next to it. My dick rose from the foamy water like the prow of a ship on a storm-tossed sea. My head began to spin, centered around the foot sliding further into my mouth as my tongue swirled and slurped on it hungrily. I grabbed my dick and splashed my fist into the water.

"Oh far out," my boyfriend said—we talked like that back then.

"You're into toes!"

Far fucking out.

There's a letter in my mail from a Foot Fraternity member who would like to rest his booteels on my tits. I get quick, little rushes all over just thinking about it; the hard-edged feel of the booteel digging gently into tender tit. It makes my head spin and my asshole twitch when I think about sucking in and breathing out slowly under the tenuously increasing weight. The sole of the boot looming large over my face, my chest rises to meet it, pushing tender tit harder against the booteel's edge until I'm slowly forced back down against the floor again. Just a slight ankle twist makes me squirm. My legs spread out further. My dick throbs.

It's a fetish, and the dictionaries define a fetish as something worshipped, believing it to have magical powers. It's magic, pure sexual magic to play with a fetish. It's a toy to play with, to share with someone who can understand its power, or would like to.

I still do this—it's pushy but, if it feels right—I'll get down on the floor for a guy who comes home with me, if he says he's "Fascinated," "Intrigued," or even "Charmed," by my fetish for feet. It's nice to know that there are men still out there who are curious

enough about another man's sex trip to want to try it out. I'll get down on the floor for a guy like that, maybe unzip my fly and let my dick hang out for him to see it, and I'll tell him, point blank, that he can use his feet on me any way he likes.

That is pushy, leaving the foot-play up to an unsuspecting trick like that instead of offering a script of tried and true scenes. It's gotten me into trouble at times—one guy nearly kicked my nuts into the next room. Later, he sucked on them soothingly while I beat myself off on his face—(his fetish).

The results of such a boldfaced request are usually the same: Standing over my body willingly stretched out on the floor at his feet, the man will get an odd, puzzled look on his face. He'll sit down on the chair provided and the first thing he'll do is slip out of his shoes or boots, as if I would mind if he didn't. His socked foot's first contact with my skin will generally be a tenuous touch of his big toes making circular strokes around my chest and hardening tits. It's still puzzling to him, an electric moment for me as I look up to see if he notices how hard I'm getting with him doing just that much with his foot. Sometimes if the guy sitting over me in this kind of scene lets his foot slip up to my face, my dick jumps to get his attention as I catch a whiff of his foot scent.

It's the on-switch, a button he can push to turn me on hard and horny and ready for just about anything he's up for. He can use it any way he likes, too; a token to barter with, swapping his fetish for mine if he had one he'd like me to cater to. Or he could use it like a power trip, naming his price for letting me eventually cum, worshipping his socks and feet.

The scene could go either way; if he starts to stroke my hard dick with his foot, he's thinking about all the things that turn him on, that he'd like to do with me. If the foot, hovering over my face, comes down heavily to step on me, squishing my nose down and mashing my face, I know he's got me

underfoot, at his mercy. One way or the other I know he's gotten what I've given up to him to play with.

I still have the collar made for me by the first man to order me to kiss his foot and call him "Sir." We were into role-playing. He was the Master, I was the slave on my hands and knees before him, there to do only what he wanted. It was an offer I made to him one night; one he took me up on as he stood up from the bed and pointed at the floor before him.

Up until that point our sexplay was a my turn/your turn kind of deal, I'd learned how to hold and fondle his balls the way he liked when he wants to cum. He'd leave his shoes and socks on in bed for me to scramble down to afterwards and lie under his legs. He liked my fetish and he gave his feet to me like wrapped presents for me to open and play with by myself while he relaxed in his own afterglow, I had no complaints. I did have something I wanted to give him, something I always wanted to give

It's a fetish, a sexual power symbol of implied positions of dominance and submission. It is transformed when your lover's feet, once within easy reach on the nice, soft bed, now stand on the floor. I crawled out of his bed onto the floor. A strange current ran up and down my back as I crawled two steps toward him, his finger pointing down at the toe of his left running shoe.

He said, "Kiss!"

It was like a light turning off, then a new one turning on and burning as I bent down to do what I was told.

I became his slave, bound, leashed to the collar I still wear when I want to think about him leading me around his house on all fours, stepping on me, kicking me around when he wanted and making me sleep on the floor by the foot of his bed. It had more to do with attitudes, position of power, subservience and respect, with my often bound hands reaching to hold and fondle his balls the way he likes when he wants to cum. It had to do with men kneeling on the floor at the foot of his

end of lying under his warm body to do only what he can't do to his feet—"You can't touch. Now, you touch the left foot,"—it was me, the physical reality of playing, enjoying the power his feet over me. It was him learning power.

It's like the physical reality of a woman on a tender tilt. A woman's form when it's allowed to move between Fantasy Held and Released. It gets bigger, more intense as each realized fantasy dimension larger than the jerk off sized version. The careful, hard-edged weight turns it on to pain. It remembers next time it's whipped with a belt, or gets held in the little camp.

What I tell someone who asks what I like to do when I play with a foot is a short, vague, three word answer, easy to hear in most situations where I'm asked such a question, that sounding more like an understatement. It's a loaded phrase topic with meanings and connotations a futile attempt to summarize all the things that turn

me on where a foot-fetish can go, once you stop worrying about it becoming an obsession and you where it will

come again, that thought, as I lay, belly over the canvas seat of a director's chair. I was friend's place. He's a playmate I own for years who can still new ways to tie me up, helpless domestic whims and desires. gone we play where I'm the of drunk who comes crawling apartment for his use and It is a pretext, a little Fantasy come to facilitate our play. We cuff on it

favorite piece of furniture at his is a folding director's chair. My

head hangs over one side and I can see, upside down, my dick hanging between my legs, and his running shoes when he sits on the couch behind me and ties my hands back.

It's a fetish, a fearsome sensation that makes me writhe and twist on my belly, pull on my wrist restraints when he beats my butt red, warm and tingling with his belt. Sometimes he'll use a hard-soled shoe that makes a lot of hollow noise and raises a bright, pink blush on my cheeks. He slides the shoe's sole on my behind first, letting me know what he'll be using so it'll turn me on even more.

It's a fetish, something that puts me tied-ass up, hole twisting and squeezing when he prods it with the head of a dildo. It was a foot that opened me up to assplay, a big, slippery toe that eased its way into the stretch of my hole and brought the rest of the foot with it. The dildo slides right in.

But my friend's favorite toy is a small slapper, which he uses to torment my dick throbbing and jumping between my legs, or on the soles of my feet.

That's like foot-tickling plus—each light slap on my heel, arch and on the fleshy pads under my toes sends out hot, little bolts that shoot around the bend of my knee, up to explode in my head like white fireworks. It makes the soles of my feet burn, my toes stretch and curl with the dizzying sensation of coming back, bit by bit, from the very edges of my pain and pleasure limits.

My head dropped. I could see, upside down, my hard, drooling, idiotically happy dick pulsing and throbbing between my legs. It had a string-line of precum oozing out of it, reaching all the way down to the toe of my playmate's sneaker. Sitting back on the couch behind my butt still squirming in the canvas sling seat of the director's chair, he lifted his foot to catch the rest of it on his shoe. He took the shoe off, placed it in the middle of my back, and stretched his leg out under the chair. His toes stretched and curled luxuriously in the white sock like

a reminder and a promise, and I thought to myself, "Just fuckin' amazing."

Sometimes when I go out, I'll wear a sock in my right, back pocket. It will be either a grey work or white jock sock, but the color won't matter. What people will notice, as they see me come charging down the street in my leathers is that I have a sock in my back pocket. It's a sock, not a hanky that they'll notice at the bar where I hang out. It draws stares. I know. I sometimes feel I leave a trail of puzzled, bemused expressions in my wake as I pass through crowds; scanning, as I do, for the occasional look of recognition, or guarded interest.

Don't worry—it's only a fetish, a talisman I keep in my back pocket that opens doors and trades secrets.

I was on the floor, arms handcuffed over my head to a chair leg. The man sitting over my face and my tits still burning after the beating he had given them, began to place a handful of clothespins on my dick and balls. I was soft, puzzled as to why he would go to all that trouble just to sit back in his chair again and leave me alone with them for a while. The clothespins hung in a mess on my dick, clicking and settling as my body and brain got used to their grip.

Without a word he raised his big wool-socked foot over my face, flexed it, and stepped down, wrapping his toes around my nose. His feet smelled good like the rest of him and it made me hard; this time under the grips of the clothespins shifting and clicking on my dick into three straight rows. The ones he placed under my dick moved to hold it up on their ends. I was rock hard, my dick bounced tenderly and as I looked over his toes wrapped around my nose I thought—

Amazing.

A guy came up to me in a bar one night. He wanted to know if that really was a sock hanging out of the back pocket of my jeans. I told him no, I was just glad to see him. I love old jokes as much as I love old socks. ■

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Hairy Italian BB, 5'9", 43"ch, 28"w, 16"e, 8 1/2"x5 1/2" cal. Wants full or part time slave for pig & other training. LL, uniforms, WS, BD FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You: built nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly 1 odd stud 9993 LF

Stripped naked and tortured beyond description solely for the pleasure of an audience? Seeking sophisticated exhibitionist / voyeur SM devotees to participate in scenes of elegant decadence involving all tank. TX, LA, CA, NY 3659 LF*

Submissive white male, 40yo, wants Top Cop for arrest, Interrogation, confinement done your way. Travel poss., complete discretion, special interests include uniforms, weapons, control, cuffs, etc. This prisoner needs incarceration. Call (412) 421-8252 or write to Box 9892 LF

WANTED/WANTED

Into the country. Master, 40's, big, w/beard, tattoos, ISO slave willing to move to rural farmhouse. Latex/rubber/leather, BD, hoods, chocks, gags, piercing. Total obedience. Short term f/f OK (423)471-2920 anyt me 20323 LF

WANTED/WANTED

GWPW, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV+, hairy, balding, 'stache, smoker, fanatic about extra-soapy (1/4 - 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, full-beily butthole enemas. ISO trim smooth/shaved a +) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to supervise you on potty after/fuck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY 100 MUCH IS ENJOY. No scat. Photo/lnr to: POB 53, Georgetown, TX 78627-0053. Call: 512-930-4934 20177 LF

FART IN MY MOUTH

& wipe your ass on my face. Butlicker, 32yo, 6'0", 165#, BB, needs heavy humiliation, VA & rough from dom., MASC, perverted bully Sit on my face & enjoy a 6-pack, then spray your piss in my mouth till it runs out my nose ugly/hairy men are special turn-ons. 20333 LF

FLESHMATE FOR MISSION

Searching infinite spirit, heart of bodily ecstasy. 60kg 5'11", bottom/versatile, 175#, HIV-, 8" cut, 50yo WM. Can meld with Top or Master/versatile esp. black, slim-him, religious in mutual worship of ever deepening sex. Travel nationwide 20199 LF

WANTED/WANTED

Stache, mature, caring, experienced guy into mutual ball-play, stretching, gentle-heavy, cuddling-kinky, incl: catheters, prostate massage, TT, soft, mutual, top/bottom. POB 563, Brookline, MA 02146 9835 LF

HAIRY SF BEAR

GM, mid 40s, 5'8", 165#, BRN/BRN, uncut, HIV+, good health, honest & sincere. Looking for fun loving man to cuddle with. into uniforms, leather, oral sex, (I like them BIG. I hope you do too). Could lead to relationship with right person, but not a must. Easy going & quiet, but enjoys good friends and good times. 9978 JF

WANTED/WANTED

WM, 47yo, 6'2", 220#, BRN/HZL, beard/moustache, manly, HIV-. ISO beefy-thighed boy (any age) seriously into SM, BD, who will submit his butt and back for punishment and his emotions to a caring protective Master. Respect & loyalty from you gets monogamy from me. Texas. 20178 JF

CLASSIFIEDS

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3. Put sealed letter(s) and a \$2 (per item) forwarding fee (include a note if you are a LF member) and mail to: International Drummer Classifieds P.O. Box 410390 San Francisco, CA 94141.

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1. Using a touch-tone phone dial 1-800-959-8684. \$1.98 per minute will be billed to your credit card. Or, call 1-900-46-6844. \$3 per minute will be billed to your telephone bill.

2. Follow the Tough Line voice instructions, for 1-800 calls, have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four-digit number which appears at the end of the ad you want to contact.

HIV+ TOP/DAD ISO GOOD BOY

Virginia Top, hung, encut, gym-toned exec., 53yo, 5'9", 165#, big place in nut woods, seeks "boy". 1/3 slave, 100% eager, "yes, Sir" bottom. Give loyalty, obedience, fight holes. Get support, stability, training, discipline, attention. 8940 LF

NOT LEATHER MASTERS

Hot slave, late 40s, 5'10", 165#, lean, muscular, gelling, seeking top quality leather Master for heavy, safe scenes or relationship. Travel often. 5943 LF

NOT LEATHER MASTERS

Hot slave, late 40s, 5'10", 165#, lean, muscular, gelling, seeking top quality leather Master for heavy, safe scenes or relationship. Travel often. 5943 LF

NOT LEATHER CIGAR BOY

GWM bottom boy, gdkg, 35yo (looks 25yo) 5'10", 135#, BRN/BRN, 'stockie, hairy, hot ass, vir honest, rounch, lunk, romantic. Me. SH, BD, WS, war, VA, Gr/p, f/f/o, toys, leather, cigars, FF, pogs, pong. Seek top/Dad dom, rough, under 55yo, biker, hairy leather, cigars, hung. Pls. hot-ton, German, Hispanic. Relationship poss. Live Atlanta. Travel. John. 20320 LF

NOT MILKING MACHINE THROAT

Queer sperm addict kneels/submits to hairy-duty plungers & lubed-up dildos. Stock-jaws/upper cut = super suction. Hairy 6'2", 195#, red-head, shaved, 8" Dig humil/exhibs/smoke/ aroma. Photo-phone gets some. 20330

I AM A TRUE SADIST

But I am caring and very experienced. If you are 21+yo and interested in developing your talents, I can help you make friends with SM and the pain. I will hurt you but I will never knowingly harm you P.O. Box 7126 Boca Raton, FL 33431 3621 LF

I WANT IT ALL

From a ygdkg, hot top 35-45yo. I believe that intertwined with the BD/SM there can be love and affection. This 6'1", 170# GWM wants you. Similar size, African-American are pluses NH/MA/Maine/New England. 20331

NOT LEATHER BABY

Very cute, innocent GWM, 20's, 6'2", 165#, BRN/GRN, swimmer's build, seeks tall, MASC, MUSC (bodybuilder+) Daddy in 30's for long term relationship. Must be ygdkg, prof., established, into leather, no BD or SM. I don't want pain or humiliation, just love. Willing to relocate. Send letter + pic. 20332 LF

LEATHER, RUBBER, ROPE, AND...

Steel to keep you controlled in your position as my slave. Your objective: total service to hot leather/rubber top; 38yo, 5'8", 180#, BB, 8" dick. You can expect piercing, chastity, shaving, WS, torture and more. Slaves to age 45yo apply. 9969 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

Master, 47yo, tall, well-built, hairy, Ital, clean-cut, succ, educ sks slaves, 18-35yo, smth, hard, defined. Jocks, Mil & BB o+. U need Master to guide your life. Will train inexper with superior physique. Live in large S.NH house. HIV- only. 603-425-6659 weekends. 20190 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

GWM Master, 38yo, 6'3", 215#, 150 GW boy 21-35yo. boy will be HIV-, fr/o, Gr/p & into BD, shaving, CBT, toys, ll, chores, boots, orgasm control, training & total service. boy will face bare ass discipline for each rule infraction. Master is sole/sona/strict with boy, but demands boy live to his potential at all times. Help with school/work/relocation for right boy. Master will develop boy's mind, physique, emotional state with love and discipline. LTR only/no BS/games/hits/items tolerated. Write detailed letter including needs/goals w/phone # to. POB 4266, Pittsburgh, PA 15203

NOT LEATHER BABY

Master, 47yo, tall, well-built, hairy, Ital, clean-cut, succ, educ sks slaves, 18-35yo, smth, hard, defined. Jocks, Mil & BB o+. U need Master to guide your life. Will train inexper with superior physique. Live in large S.NH house. HIV- only. 603-425-6659 weekends. 20190 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

Wanted by sadistic Big Bear. Heavy physical labor - heavy punishment & torture. Muscles a must. Letter, photo, phone # 20319

NOT LEATHER BABY

Wanted by sadistic Big Bear. Heavy physical labor - heavy punishment & torture. Muscles a must. Letter, photo, phone # 20319

NOT A SEX AD - ISO LIFEMATE

Anti-box GWM, 30yo, 'stockie, thin, clean, gdkg, butch. KM. POB 794, Greensburg, PA 15601 I can relocate, wisely. Send photo

NOT LEATHER BABY

Correction and discipline. Strip search exam, enema, catheter, restraint and shaving as needed. Punishment with institutional strap on bare buttocks. Strict, formal and serious. Call (201) 635-9196 Box 9049 LF

SATANIC SS COMMANDANT

Aryan Godmaster son of lucifer provides extreme torment to those scumbags worthy of my efforts. You exist only for my needs. Flogging, caning, branding, electric, modifications on surgical table. Ultimate trips. Phone/photo to: SSK NRC, POB 340529, Tampa, FL 33694-0529 9811

NOT LEATHER BABY

Playfully testful, intense GWM, 42yo, 5'7", 170#, muscular, hairy, 7" cut, seeks serious sate-sane-firm-in-shape Demigod Black Master for body-mind-soul M/S ownership/domination/worship. When slave is ready, the Master will be present! 11280

MEN

Bootlicker begs to serve hot, verbal Leathermaster. Versatile WM, 45yo, 5'6", 135#, muscular nice body. Needs humiliation, bondage, piss shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedient dog training. Slave will worship cock, ass, face body and submit to your control and abuse, SADO 3-ways, travel OK. 8346 LF

NOT LEATHER COMMITMENT

Slave boy loves forced public sex, exposure, flogging scenes, BD, WS, CBT, TT, AP, lingerie, garbage, devices, piss post for group, face painting, outdoor BD/SM, video. ISO imaginative Masters, got wild ideas? Try me. Answered 20148 LF

STRANGULATION

GWPW, 53yo, travels mid south, need info/source material on above. Really digs flogging scenes. Also ISO gorgeous, extremely muscular young WM Top for occasional prolonged, semi-private sessions. Negotiate-photo nec. Fred Snell 4815 Trousdale Dr., Suite 599, Nashville, TN 37220

SUGAR DADDY SLAVE WANTED!

32yo .butcher/master+Sadist, musc , msc , 6'1", 180#, BRN/GRN. I want slaves or pigs for top ownership. Into kink, BD, shaving, FF, WS groups. Msc. and real men only, not into posers/losers. Pluses: police, military, BB, high athletics, bl, married. No smokers. Roger 800-652-6590 9867 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

Truly massive, smooth, hard, hot, submissive exhibitionist, ripped muscle to serve, grow in show by prol, lean, tight, smooth, boyish 5'9", 157#, BRN/GRN, 31yo. Raw, hot sex, BD, TT, CBT, SH, can support, sponsor & vote right boy Photo/phone. 8852 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

38yo, average build, beard, tattoos, pierced, prefer bottom. Love all cosplay esp. fists, toys, slings. Also like TT, VA, BD, WS & other hot into wild nasty pig sex. 9220 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

Looking for young man for long-term relationship, who is proud to serve a man not ashamed. Must be into shaving and be fit. I am 5'4", 6'2", 210#. Work with me & be part of my family. You, me & 3 dogs. No wimbs allowed. This is for real. Call weekends, (209) 298-6527 20146 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

Hot male bottom, tight MUSC, smooth balls, hard MUSC ass, loves to take GR and give FR, well built trucker. Love to show off my ass, we have it fucked. I love to cum and piss. You must be clean; prefer married men, but will consider all. Call: (860) 674-9887 20173 LF

NOT LEATHER BABY

By extraord nary 35yo, 6'0" Master & novices. You must be ready to have your identity replaced with your love of your Master. If you are

CLASSIFIEDS

serious and ready, send photo/phone to: SIR
POB 3607, N. New Hyde Park, NY 11040

WRESTLING BOY

Take it to the mats and let's wrestle for the top
6', 215#, 44yo champ seeks worthy opponents.
Leather wimp need not apply, but if you
have the balls, I will pull them back behind your
butt and make you my pussy boy. 8407 LF

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOUSEBOY/SLAVEBOY/BOYTOY WANTED:
GW, CPL, retired, partly disabled, in late 40's,
both HIV+ seek boy for sexual and domestic
needs. Also to help one of the CPL in walking,
etc. Boy must be GW 18-35yo, HIV+ only
(with proof), no drugs, no alcohol, smoking ok,
but no cigars, homebody person, small frame
body, bubble butt (firm), hung nice, cut, short
hair. Boy must be totally obedient and eager to
serve both, discipline, submissive, ownership,
affectionate, companionship, and into BD, hand-
cuffs, jackstraps, L/L, toys and most of all trust-
worthy and honest. This is a full time, live-in
position only. Permanent for right boy. Room
and board, no salary or money offered. No hus-
bands either. Write with photo and detailed letter
of why you want this position. To Sirs (Northern
California) 9869 LF

I KNOW WHAT I LIKE

And that's to give blow jobs to MASC men who
are well built w/ hairy chests and facial hair. I
like tall and very handsome WM, 30-40yo who
know themselves well and who like to get their
dicks sucked. I am not into SM, BD, CB7, etc.
but would possibly be open to mild fitplay, rim-
ming and maybe WS. I am a goth HIV- WM,
24yo, 6'2", 185#, w/long BRH hair and goa-
tee, looking for good times with fun-loving guys.
Let's hook up and see what happens. Send letter
and photo. SF/Bay Area. 9979 LF

Skg boy to train, develop & discipline. Very
masc. demanding, well built BB GW, 40yo,
6'0", 195#, HIV+ will work & mold you. Safe,
sanit, responsible, development BD, SM confine-
ment, discipline & control. You: GW, 20-30yo,

HIV+, goth, serious, no games. Gd letter pho-
tos, phone a must. Central CA. 9153 LF

POSITIONED POSITION

GWM 47yo, 5'6", 163#, NS, btm. BRN/BLJ
Healthy HIV+. Bearded, pierced, hairy, UC, affec-
tionate/playful. Needs extensive training. Into
WS, monsmas, booze, heavy rimming/
fond/kink, shaving, nudity, kissing, cigars/
cigarettes, groups, humiliation/dog adoration
11300

PLEASE SIT ON MY FACE

In-shape WM, 49yo, needs regular sessions with
unwashed, dominant man. Will submit to
dog/toilet/locker room training and tongue
clean/funky shorts, jocks, socks. Please write to
Chuck, PO Box 51201, Palo Alto, CA 94303 LF

DOMINANT BOY

level-headed and intelligent 41yo sadist, short
built and very muscular, clean-cut and hand-
some, seeks muscular, in-shape committed
masochists. If you crave imaginative, excruciating
testicle torture, are in great shape physically
and mentally, call a slow and sensual but ultim-
ately brutal expert. I like to play with built
together men who need to hear themselves
screaming. (415)626-3034 Don. NOT interested
in verbal or emotional SM, aswork, damage
drugs, or fluid exchange, rope, 2am calls, phone
sex, conversations about sex, or verbal mastur-
bation of any kind. If this ad doesn't fit you per-
fectly, and you aren't serious about getting your
nuts rocked, don't call

LOVING BOY

Lived all over US but like East Coast. live with
family but ready to move out! Just want a real
boy who likes mixing love, sex, and leather. Will
go anywhere for right guy. Serious only reply
with photo to: POB 652, Hayward, CA 94541
Must love to leave leather on 5918 LF

SAN FRANCISCO BOY/SLAVE

Are you a Daddy/Master in need of a boy/slave
to serve, obey & please you? Can you properly
train a boy/slave exceeding any limits? Are you
strict but loving? I am 33yo, 6'0", PA & pierced
nipples. My interests include CB1, TT, BD, spank

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MISSOURI

I am a pig bottom, 5'9", very deep throat. Into cock w/ lots of spit very open. I like to be naked, moist, moist. Being A. Humiliated OK. Mike 11. Inter message 20149 LF

INDIANA

RESIDENTIAL KINK

WM. 31yo. P/O some 18-36yo
consent & mutual kink. Special
abusing/HO, vacuum pumps
my mouth, collars. My dick is
handled by one who knows the
art of erotic discipline. Photo please

MISSISSIPPI

FOR OWN & MOTHER BLUST!

A lady (woman), booted engineer who
enjoys leather jackets and belt-tugging
Deep mobility auto-sports in heavy hair
downs. Jocks. Our hot grunts and
groans only lead to deeper male bond-
ing. Suite Box 5172, B-oxi, MS

NEW JERSEY

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

12yo Master in Phila/S. NJ area ISO 18-28yo
Jewels) for act. fun or perm ownership. Exp or
novice welcome. You will exp. BD, SM, torture
& humiliation. Ukg for cute, boyish, basically in-
shape boys with few/no limits, who know how
to take orders & what happens when they mis-
behave! For consideration, send photo
(req'd)/phone to: IFC, P.O. 2573, Vernon, NJ
07040

NEW YORK

ARE YOU TICKLISH?

Dominant, educated, HIV-GWM, 56yo, 5'10",
195# seeks intelligent, ticklish, HIV-GWM, 21
55yo for tickling, spanking, other light, soft
consensual fun. Hugs, kisses, caressing, mas-
sage. Dating, relationship possible. No drugs.
P.O. 462, Murray Hill Station, NYC, NY 10156
0462 9084 LF

LEATHER SPANKING

GWM-37yo, 5'6", 155#. Guys 18-45, tickle me
over your knee, then blister my naughty
peach-fuzz bare bottom til it burns & blushes. I
spank too. Reply to Bob Newhouse at 10 Plaza

S.F. #7C Brooklyn, NY 11238, or call (718)
398-4811 LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON

6'1", 195#, 41yo, blond, goodlooking ex-foot-
ball player. Seeks slave-obedient, with nice, big,
smooth ass, 18-29yo. Write to Duke: P.O.B.
20004, LD-TERR-STATION, NY, NY 10011 Son
or stepson considered as well. 11286 LF

SLAVE

62-year-young, understanding Top or obedient
bottom ISO someone special to share needs
5911

SLAVE/DOG

Begging for humiliating abuser. Bootlicking, cock
sucking whippingboy to serve sadistic, kinky
Masters. Public scenes, groups especially
desired. Also serve as naked slave at parties
6'2", 165#, 39yo. NYC (212) 678-4405
20194 LF

VERBAL - AGGRESSIVE

Commanding, demanding, sensual, sensitive
Daddy-Master-Sir, seeks "Yes, Sir", "Please,
Sir", "Thank You, Sir" boy toy (18+) to please
my eyes and satisfy our needs. Cleanly, discrete-
ly, my place in Brooklyn. Send phone & photo
P.O.B. 2043, NYC, NY 10159-2043 LF

VERBAL TOP - 39YO

Seeks total service - head to toe - front to back
P.O.B. 2043, NYC, NY 10159-2043

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EXPERIENCED TRADITIONAL BONDAGE

Safe opportunity to fulfill discipline fantasy with
super fit British pro, 45yo, 175#. Adept with
belt, strap, paddle, cane, touse. Limits respect-
ed, sensitive to first timers. Colonial butts with
cocky attitude bend over and take it to your lim-
its. P.O.B. 14056, Cleveland, OH 44115 3658 LF

EXPERIENCED SLAVE WANTED

for weekend use. You are slim, short, preppie
type. You will be kept nude or in skimpy bikinis
for the pain, humiliation and some exhibitionism.
Must like floppy mocs and loafers, like SM/BD
Cleveland. Photo, phone for interview. 8686 LF

I'M A KINKY SLAVE BOTTOM

Muscular, WM, cocksucker, into being fucked by
a dog, SM, BD, FF, catheters, etc. Display the
naked in front of your friends with a funnel my
mouth & piss in it. Can travel. Send letter &
photo Ken, P.O.B. 146 Blaine, OH 43909 JO OK
(614) 633-3577, 9053 LF

SM, BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional, 46yo, 5'10",
175#. Let's explore SM with artful, controlled
application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch,
gut, abs, ribs, or TT, BD. Submission wins my
affection. Thin, defined to BB or average A+. No
gut or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-rever-
sal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and
desires to SMC, P.O.B. 19830, Cincinnati, OH
45219

OREGON

PORLAND AREA

Goodlooking leather bottom WM, 5'8", 158#,
42yo, needs hooded tops for abusive rape
scenes. Call evenings and weekends @ (503)
697-7345, 9830 LF

WHITE SLAVE HOUSEBOY WANTED

You over 18 under 36yo. I am 56yo w/ 30 years
SM Master exp. I will train you to be loved and
appreciated by myself and my love slave
longterm/ or lifetime. Only serious need apply.
You need to obey, serve, be honest and true to
your slave self and submit to my love and our
lifestyle in Oregon. Send application, letter
w/photo and phone# to Master Ron. 20313 LF

TENNESSEE

EXPERIENCED LEATHERMAN

Young looking Daddy - kinky, wet, wild. WM,
5'11", 175#, 8" cut, red hair/beard/pubes,
HIV+, mutual hot, creative, WS, FF, dildos, en-
emas, ivory soap, SM, CBT. Photo excl. & actual
meetings (423)579-3058 (Bom till 9pm EST)
No phone JO. 20175 LF

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STRIP-BOY

6'0", 155#, 36yo, experienced, submissive pierced, tattooed, LL, rubber boy seeks forced stripping, nudity, and rope scenes. Into WS switch, leather sex, CP BD, humiliation and heavy VA from aggressive, dominant, ls. Men, groups outdoors or 20.96 F.

TEXAS

OLDER SM BOTTOM WANTED

WH, 34yo, tall, dominant SM Top. I enjoy domination, whipping, and Daddy/boy fantasy. You must be short, stocky, gay, bolding boy. No smoking or drug use allowed. Write me, permanent partner. Write today if you are the one. 20144 F.

TEXAS LEATHER/CBT ACTION

Leather CBT, TT, BD action by hot hunks in Texas & surrounding states. I'm 36yo, 5'4", 140#, with a good body. Switch scenes, tied cock & balls, hooded, gags are turn ons. Write with phone & photo. Or call: 806-522-04

VIRGINIA

SUBMISSIVE BOYTOY WANTED

WM, 39yo, 195#, BLND, BLJ, seeks younger boytoy for weekend encounters on outer banks. Average, versatile guy, romance to link in leather. Must be HIV- and honest! Write Dr. BF P.O.B. 15365, Chesapeake, VA 23328-5365. Signers welcomed. LTR possible for right attitude. 20337 F.

INTERNATIONAL

ARMY TRAINED BOOTLICKER

Bell-busting Ironing Sergeant sought by fit, thrives Brit for the heavy stuff. Escape/evasion, evasion resistance, bootcamp regimes. Combat uniforms, paintball weapons preferred. Travels US, Europe, has access to authentic UK underground nuclear bunker. Legionnaires on service) bienvenus avec honneur et fidelite. E-mail to SQUAD@EIN@AOL.COM. 20322

DOMINANT LEATHER TOP

Experienced submissive seeks dominant leather top. I have two tight holes for your pleasure and enjoy Gr/p, BD, discipline, gang-bang/rope fantasies, humiliation, public scenes, rimming, Fr/o, TT, toys, VA, WS. I'm a big guy, 42yo, 6'3", 260#, hairy, healthy HIV+. Use me, Sir. One on one or groups. One night or a lifetime. Hung, hung, uncum all phases. 20334

SWEDISH SUBMISSIVE BABY

Swedish bubblebut, well trained leather slave, 32yo, 6', HIV-, 7" fat, shaven, hungry hole. Into VA, BD, SS, CP & pimp/slave ml. Skg real cops/BB masters for own use/rent-outs. Discreet/will travel. Johan Tor, Brevia Box 377, 11479 Stockholm, Sweden. 20172 LF

NOT GAY TURNED TO RUBBER

79yo, 74" w. 73kg shaved head, athletic build, hairy, male, looking for mutual scenes w/ leather, wanted future turn buddies. Open mind Asian or Latin. BB is a +. Also TT, display. Send photo & letter 20326

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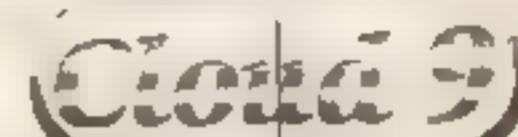
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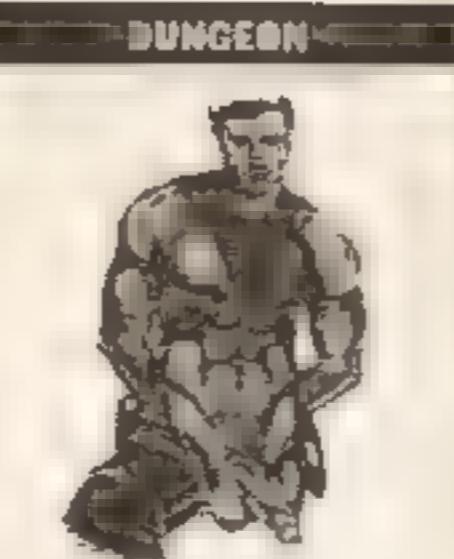
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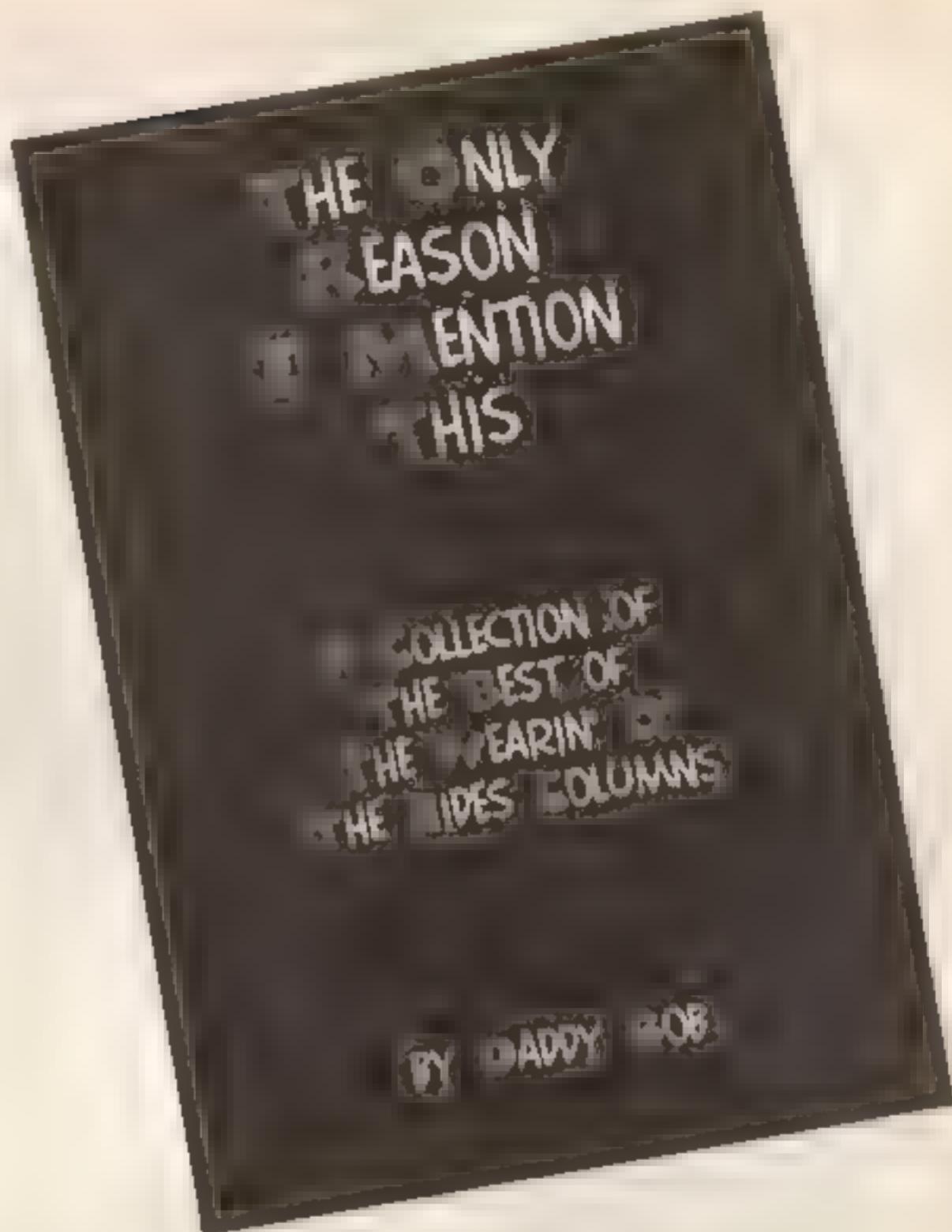
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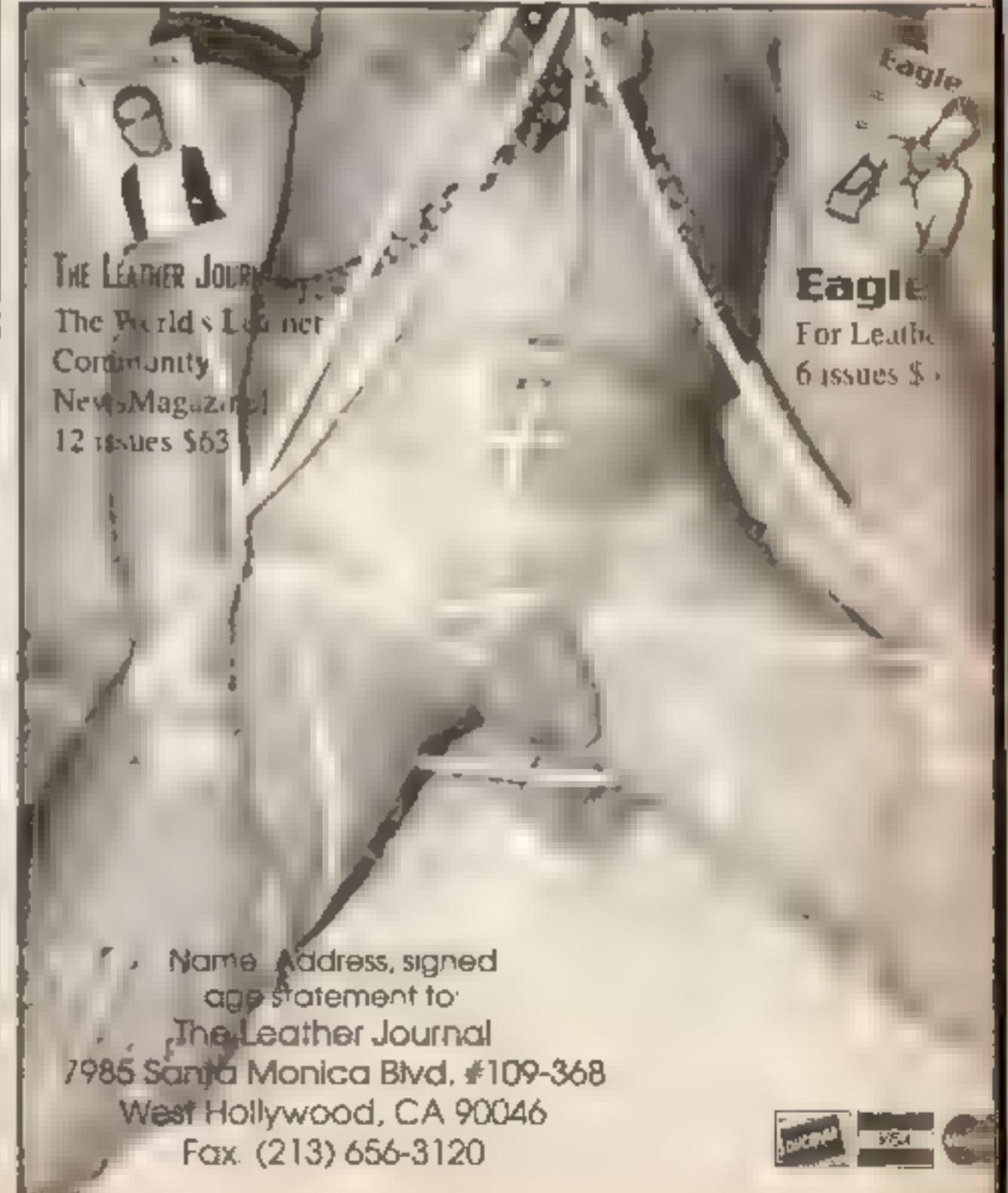
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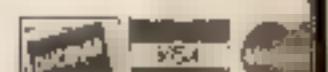


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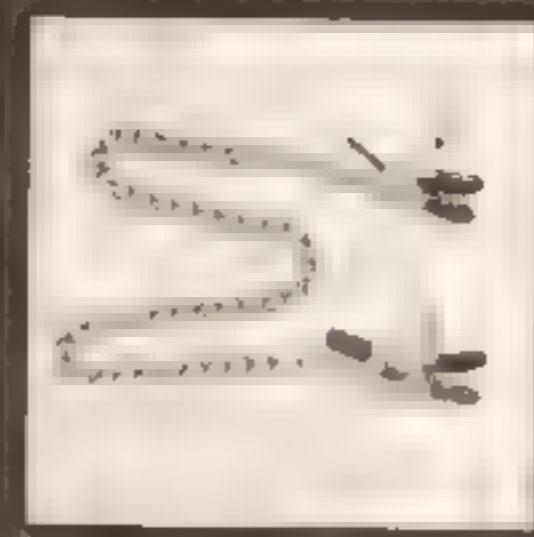
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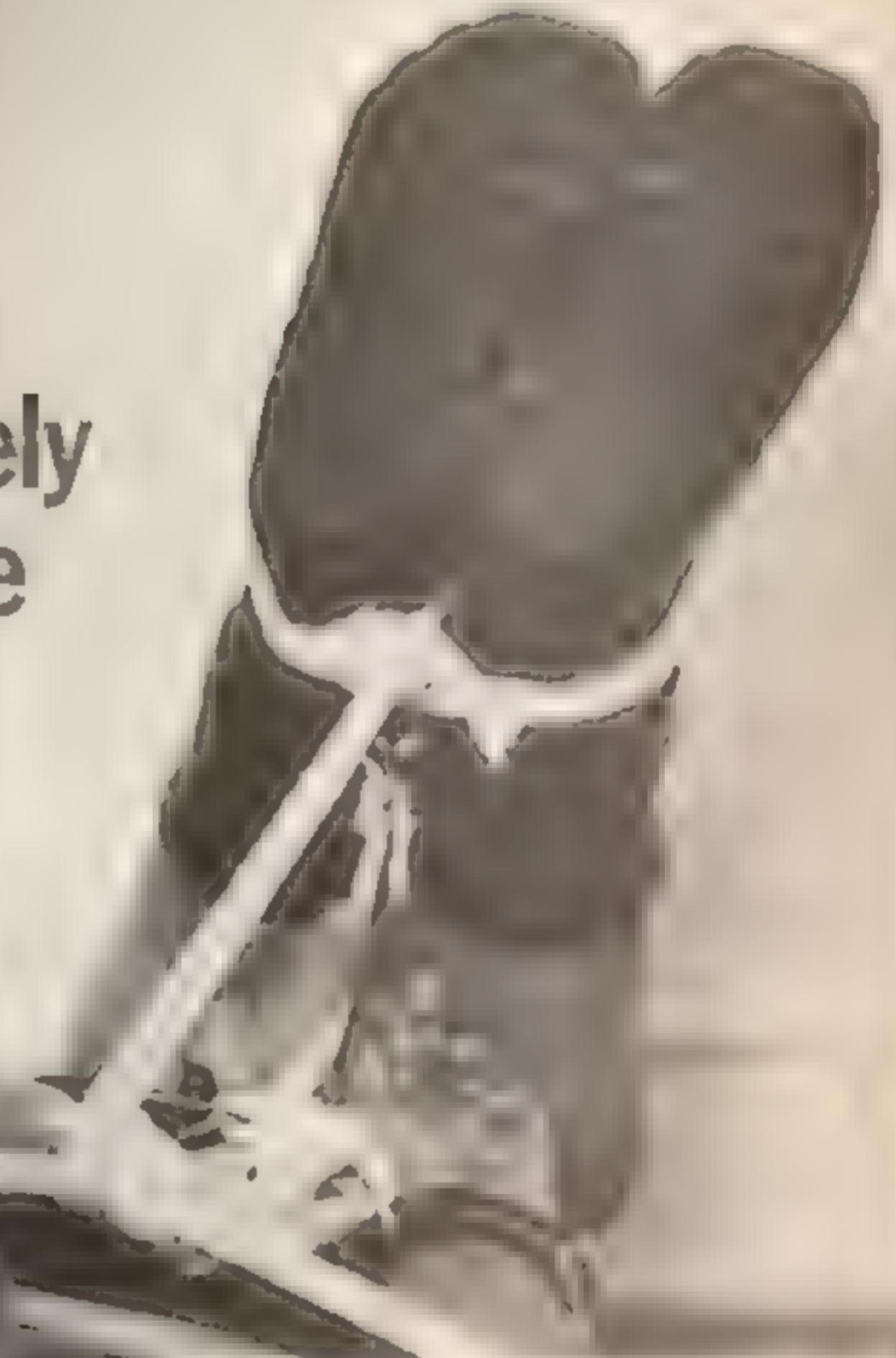
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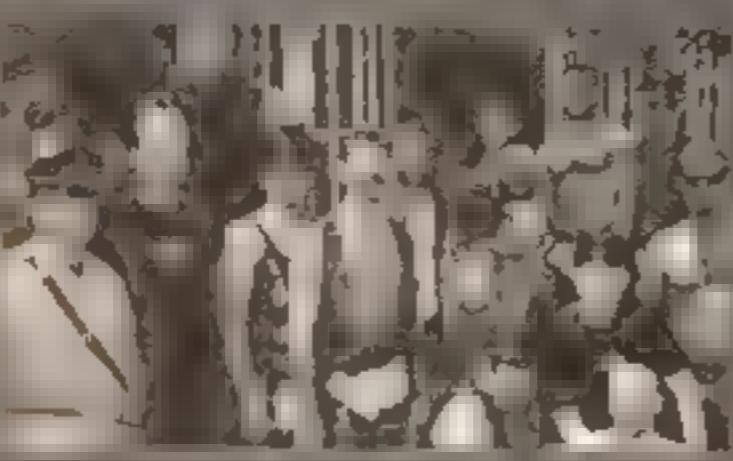
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WORLD-WIDE CALENDAR**October****1-31 Gay and Lesbian History Month**

1 Meeting
Women's Committee Seattle, WA

1 Night Manouvers
Uniform Party, The Anvil 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

1 Program: Fetish Wear
NUA Dallas, Dallas, TX

1 Safer Sex Party
Banque Juh, 23 Rue de Perrine, 75008 Paris, France

1 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks
Central Station, 37 Wharfside Road, King's Cross, London, England

1 Skinheads Only
Silks 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

2 Biker
The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

2 Biker Meeting
Sussex Lancers MSC, The Marlborough 4 Princess Street, Brighton, England

2 Class: Flogging, Beating, Whipping
Atlanta SM Solidarity, Atlanta, GA

2 DC Eagle Bar Night
Defenders, Washington, DC

2 Fire Men
1 Avenue, 80 Quai de l'Hôtel de ville, Paris, France

2 Leather, Uniform, Rubber Party
Silks 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

2 Lotteries
Argos, Warmoesstraat 95, The Web St Jacobstraat 5, Amsterdam, Holland

3 Fetish Night
Altitude at the Trottelgut Junction of Trottelgut Ave and Sumner Road, Peckham, London, England

3 Glory Hole
Central Station, 37 Wharfside Road, King's Cross, London, England

3 Hot Jocks
The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

3 Skinheads Only
Silks 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

3-6 Living In Leather XI

National Leather Association, Portland, OR

3-6 Saarspektakel
Int. Leather Meeting, JC Seal, Mainzer Straße 28 D-6611 Saarbrücken, Germany

4 Beer Bust
PS/LOD Palm Springs, CA

4 Biker Leather Meeting
MSL Belgium, Duquesnoy, Le Duquesnoy 12 Brussels, Belgium

4 Club Night
A-Mens Club, Box 370, DK 8-00 Antwerp, Belgium

4 IMC Special Party
Italo Moto Club, Company Club, Via Benadri HQ 14 Milano, Italy

4 OL Club Night
Outer Limits, Seattle, WA

4 Perversion
The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

4-5 Golden Shower Weekend—Rubber X-treme

The Boats, Van Aerdsloot 22 Antwerp, Belgium

4-5 Jack Off
Stadhuisplein, Warmoesstraat 23, Amsterdam, Holland

4-6 22nd Anniversary: The Knights Run
Knight D Orleans New Orleans, LA

4-6 Atlantic Stampede
Washington DC

4-6 Backstreet Dance Club
Provincetown, MA

4-6 OctoBear Fest
Front Range Bears, Denver, CO

4-6 P-Town Brotherhood Run
Enforcers R., Provincetown, MA

4-6 Delta '96
Delta Int', Oxford, PA

5 Bear Beer/Soda Bust
Northwest Bears, Seattle, WA

5 Beer Bust
Defenders, San Francisco, CA

5 European Rubberclub
Club Sjunderhannes, Swartmeestraat 42, Roermond, Holland

5 Harvest Moon Party
Numerous, Grand Rapids, MI

5 One Day Ride
Constantines, San Francisco, CA

5 Rubber Party
VASC, Palm Springs, CA

5 SM Party

Vogevuur +31 40 44 27

44 Hemelijken 18, Endheven, Holland

5 Underwear Party
The Web, Saint Jacobstraat 6, Amsterdam, Holland

5 Vulcan Night
Rubber Party, The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

6 Beer Bust
The Forum, San Francisco, CA

6 Beerbust
Zoo's, Hone Platte 15 50676 Köln, Cologne, Germany

6 Biker
The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

6 Biker Meeting
MS Amsterdam, c/o West-Indie, de Ruyterkade 110, Amsterdam, Holland

6 Cigarette UK Meeting
The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

6 Club Meeting
Leder Club Nord West Bronx, Bonnstrasse 18, 28203 Bremen

6 Country & Western Square Dancing
Bromptons, 294 Old Brompton Road, London, England

6 Cruise In The Dark
Altitude at the Trottelgut Junction of Trottelgut Ave and Sumner Rd, Peckham, London, England

6 Cruising Behind Closed Doors
Afternoon Sex Party For All, Fabrik, Central Station, 37 Wharfside Road, King's Cross, London, England

6 Educational SM
GLSM, info +41 40 3 35 40, From 5-Open Technik, 56, Hamburg, Germany

6 Macko Time
M&S Connexion, Angelstraße 33, 6819 Mannheim, Germany

6 Meeting
South Sound Leatherfolk, Olympia, WA

6 Powerparty
SM for young men thru 35yo, COD Asserstraat 151, Deventer, Holland

6 Real SM Party
MSM G-Force, Oudezijds Achterburgwal 7, Amsterdam, Holland

6 Rubber Party With MEC
Kevers, 14 rue Keller, Paris, France

6 Seattle First Sunday Ride
Border Riders MC, Seattle, WA

6 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks
Central Station, 37 Wharfside Road, King's Cross, London, England

6 Skinheads Only
Silks 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

6 SM Night
Smart Rhein-Kultur, Discothek Unit Longendreef, Am Bahnholzstraße 121 123, Bochum, Germany

9 Biker
The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

9 Fire Men
L'Arène, 80 quai de l'Hôtel

England

6 SM Party

The Boss, Info +31 20 42 02 117 — Entrance of Sils, Rijswijkseweg 536, Den Haag, Holland

6 SM Party

Honds, Matthijssestraat 22, Köln — Entrance 16-17h — SMA, Postfach 29034 50525 Köln, Germany

6 Youngsters SM Party

De Schoen, +31 55 333 249, Spodenlaan 8, Apeldoorn, Holland

7 Black Monday

Zwischenstühchen 5, Oldenburg, Germany

7 Bunker II

Club +80 180 Eels Court Road, London, England

7 Deviation

Real SM for Masters and slaves, The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

7 Fetish In The Dark

Sils, 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

7 Leather Meeting

L-RR Go-in, Steigerhof 83, Eisen, Germany

7 Meeting And Social

Key West Weekers Key West FL

7 Military Men

L'Arène, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de ville, Paris, France

8 Chaps Night

Bromptons, 294 Old Brompton Road, London, England

8 Harvest Party

Surf Copenhagen, Studies-hedde 14, Copenhagen, Denmark

8 Movie Night

Renegade Bears, Seattle, WA

8 Night Manouvers

Uniform Party, The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

8 Play Hard

The Memphie, 28 Ninth Ave, 9pm-2am, New York, NY

8 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks

Central Station, 37 Wharfside Road, King's Cross, London, England

8 Skinheads Only

Sils, 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

8 SM Night

Smart Rhein-Kultur, Discothek Unit Longendreef, Am Bahnholzstraße 121 123, Bochum, Germany

9 Biker

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

9 Fire Men

L'Arène, 80 quai de l'Hôtel

de Ville, Paris, France

9 Leather, Uniform, Rubber Party

Sils, 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

9 Lotteries

Argos, Warmoesstraat 95, The Web, St. Jacobstraat 5, Amsterdam, Holland

9 Uniform Night

London Blues, Central Station, 37 Wharfside Road, King's Cross, London, England

10 Fetish Night

Altitude at the Trottelgut Junction of Trottelgut Ave and Sumner Road, Peckham, London, England

10 Hot Jocks

The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

10 Latex Party

Keller's Bar, 14 rue Keller, Paris, France

10 Manstink

Central Station, 37 Wharfside Road, King's Cross, London, England

10 Skinheads Only

Sils, 95 Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

10 Social Meeting

Defenders, San Francisco, CA

10-13 Living In Leather XI

National Leather Association, Portland, OR

11 Alter Ego

The Block, 5 Parkfield Street, London, England

11 Bear Bust

Golden Gate Guards, San Francisco, CA

11 Black Jack Party

Silghen, Alter Markt 4-6, Köln, Germany

11 Boot Black Fundraiser

1st Regiment Boise, 10, Vancouver, BC

11 Club Night

A-Mens Club, Box 370, DK 8-00, Arthur, Belgium

11 Inquisition

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PHOTO BY KINK VIDEO

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German Masterpieces

BY MIKE PHILLIPS

...my eyes finally beheld his boots, German police boots, heavy, black leather, rising up from the floor, straining against his calves all the way to the knees. My cock, which began to stir at my first sight of him, was now fully erect and straining against the leather pouch of my jock.

What was the etiquette in these foreign bars? I wondered. I walked over to him and looked down at his boots and realized I really didn't care about etiquette.

Within moments, I was down on my knees before this man, licking his boot. My tongue savored the smooth leather of his left boot. The tall, glistening shaft of the boot went on forever. Up from the toe, around the back, then over to the right boot, my tongue enjoyed every

inch of those German masterpieces.

Without speaking, this stranger pulled out his cock, reached down, grabbed me by the hair and forced my head into his crotch. There, staring me in the face was the gaping piss-hole of his massive cock, the emerging head glistening from the foreskin that could no longer contain it.

As tantalizing as his cock was, the smell of his leather chaps was more enticing so I slid down to caress and kiss the thick black leather that covered his masculine legs. With my right knee on the floor and my left knee almost vertical, this hot German lowered himself slightly to place his balls firmly against the stiff leather of my chaps, his cock resting nicely on the back of my neck. Grabbing my head with his left hand and one of my shoulders with his right, he placed one of his hot German police boots into my crotch, firmly massaging my raging hard-on.

With greater and greater abandon

I tasted the rough leather of his chaps and the smooth, shiny harness of his left boot as his right one jerked me off to climax. I saw a white-hot jism stain his boot when his cum shot forth across my back.

I removed his boot from my crotch and stood up straight. As I continued to worship his left boot, he placed his newly-anointed right boot back on the floor. I licked my own cum from the smooth black leather and continued up his leg, tasting the last time his hot slippery chaps.

Level with my eyes, his still-erect cock oozed the last drops of his huge climax. He moistened the fingers of his gloved hand with his own jism and slowly raised the leather to his lips to taste his cum.

Slowly he replaced the leather pouch of his jock and, as the other men in the bar watched, turned a left-without saying a word.

German Masterpieces is an excerpt from *Silent Communication* which appears in *Men In Boots* magazine.



PHOTO FROM XECUTOR

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